D71600

MAYFAIR

Vol. 20 No. 4
£1.20

When the great stars stripped!

In those revealing film roles:
'Crossroads' star Gabrielle Drake, Bardot,
Vanessa Redgrave, Britt Ekland, Joan Collins,
Charlotte Rampling, and many, many more

LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE READERSHIP

NORTH AMERICA $3.50
AUSTRIA 65 A. SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 475 PTAS
DENMARK 28.00 KR
FINLAND 20.50 FM
FRANCE 32.50 NF
GERMANY 13.80 DM
HOLLAND 8.90 FL
ITALY 6,400 L
NORWAY 29.50 KR
SPAIN 450 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.70 SFR

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 20 No. 4 ABC net paid circulation 355,118

Scintillating Cynthia, page 51. A new life for Rileys, page 62.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Sexy Stars Of The Cinema:	Leading ladies who've stripped for the silver screen	*Gerald Cole*	35
Burke and Hare:	Bodies were their business	*Gerald Rawling*	44
Carrie:	Our strip-girl is snookered by a jealous rival	*Steve Kingston*	112
GIRLS			
Natalie:	Full-bodied beauty from Bordeaux	*Otto Weisser*	10
Anne:	Breath-taking: the view of Snowdonia's twin peaks	*Michael Ancher*	22
Cynthia:	Piano student who's truly grand	*Ed Alexander*	51
Ruth:	Boutique manageress who'll let you try it on	*Donald Milne*	74
Monica:	She's a 'Girl You've Asked To See'	*Gerth Sernelin*	93
Helga:	After 'Bare in Budapest', the West hits back		104
HUMOUR			
Talking Shop:	Department stores lampooned	*Anthony*	27
Ready For Take-Off:	In-flight entertainment cartooned	*Brian Forbes*	71
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		81
That's Shoe Business:	The owner's wife was the sole of discretion	*Dexter Gordon*	101
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	The new life of Rileys	*William Boddy*	62
Quest:	Prizes and perils of deceit		83
FICTION			
Hell To Pay:	Having a devil of a time with a horny girl	*R L Leming*	18
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Exotic Playsuits Lingerie** page 82/ **Mayfair Maids on Video** page 91/ **Best of Mayfair** page 92/ **Watches** page 100/ **Satin Sensation Lingerie** page 109/		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 8/ **Book Society** page 30/ **Back Numbers** page 34/ **Film Society** page 89/ **Binders** page 90/		
CRITICS	**Discs, Wine, Eating Out**		31

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright - Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

SCENE

Starting on page 35, *Mayfair* has put together its largest collection ever of favourite film stars undressed. In this look at the cinema, we feature such well-known names as Bardot, Britt Ekland, Sophia Loren, Ursula Andress, Glenda Jackson, Charlotte Rampling, Julie Christie, Tatum O'Neal and many others, revealing a lot more than acting talent. Also included is a full-frontal picture of Gabrielle Drake, the actress chosen to be *Crossroads'* new leading lady. The photograph comes from one of her earlier roles in a sexy romp called *Au Pair Girls* made in 1972, also starring Richard O'Sullivan and John Le Mesurier. The feature accompanying the pictures is by our cinema expert Gerald Cole, author of several books about films and film stars including the novelisation of *Gregory's Girl* and the definitive portrait of Clint Eastwood. Together, the words and pictures provide a guide to sex in the cinema worth keeping for ever.

On the subject of films, as of this month, *Mayfair*'s own 8mm mini epics are available in a new form. The saucy antics of our sexy six, Mandy, Sophie, Penny, Caroline, Sylvia and Victoria Jane have for a long time been popular with projector owners all over the world. Now though, video fans can also enjoy their arousing adventures as all six films have been transferred on to one tape. Available in VHS and Betamax formats, the video features our six girls stripping on trains, in the office, at the disco and at home, and all for just £9.95. Where else can you find a six-girl video for under a tenner? For full details of the offer turn to page 91.

In Vol 20 No 1 we amazed many readers by showing them that life behind the Iron Curtain is not as severe as it might be painted. But Marianne's nude tour of the Hungarian capital of Budapest provoked one German lady reader more than any other. Her name is Helga Schmidt, and she wrote to us saying, 'If you think that is good, let me show you what the West can offer.' It was a challenge we could not turn down. We let the pretty 23-year-old take us on an equally bare tour of her home town of Dusseldorf. Naturally, we brought a photographer along to record the events, and the results can be seen in the set beginning on page 104. We're not going to upset East/West relations by saying which is better, we leave that decision up to you.

Noel Ford's cartoons have often provided the last laugh to *Mayfair*'s pages. We're happy to let him do the same here with his view of the Tay Bridge disaster from his new book, *Deadly Humorous* (Grambon £3.25). Whatever would McGonagall have said?

'Merciful heaven, McGregor! – all those return tickets . . .'

We'll send you our ladies

Treat yourself to a year's subscription to *Mayfair*, and a bevy of beautiful girls will be delivered to your home every month, along with the best in features, fiction and humour. We will send your *Mayfair*, discretely wrapped, before it goes on sale to the public, and we will even pay the postage. So your subscription, including the higher-priced Christmas edition, costs just £15. Don't delay, send off the coupon now.

To Mayfair Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send to the name and address below the next 12 issues of *Mayfair*, starting with Vol. ..... No. .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

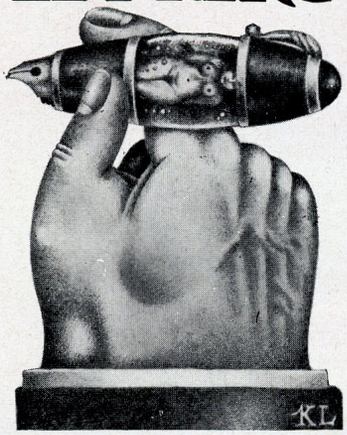
I enclose a cheque/PO for £15.00 payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd.

Or debit Access/American Express acc. no .....

M204

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

As a regular *Mayfair* reader, I'm writing to say I was pleased, no, very pleased, with Vol 20 No 2.
Whilst I buy the magazine mainly for the girls, I also enjoy the letters and articles. I especially liked this issue's feature on George Smith, the 'brides in the bath' murderer. However, as I said, it is the girls in whom I'm most interested.
How nice to see all of *Page Three* lovely Jane Warner, not just her top part. But Jane was not my favourite girl this month. It was Lorraine Hobbs for her innocent beauty. Closely after her comes Kim Gould. She can be my kissogram girl anytime, especially in her stockings and suspenders.
One thing I would like to see more of is girls in erotica – PVC playsuits, sexy black bodystockings etc. – I find this a big turn-on. I believe in wearing sexy items for my woman too; tiny wet-look posing pouch, leather briefs, silky jockstrap or the such like. She finds it much more exciting than boring old Y-fronts or boxer shorts. Come on, guys, get out of a rut, and slip into naughty playwear. It's arousing to wear too.
AS, Hull

SLAM, the South London Appreciators of *Mayfair* wish to add their selection of 'Girls We'd Like to See.'
1) *Crossroads'* new star Gabrielle Drake.
2) Wincey from *Treasure Hunt.*
3) Britt Ekland.
4) Joan Collins.
5) The Marilyn Monroe look-alike in the Aero ad.
6) Cleo Rocos from Kenny Everett's show.
7) Corinne Russell again.
8) The girl who says, 'I should say' in the Kelloggs Fruit and Fibre ad.
Adam West on behalf of SLAM

Look no further than our feature on page 35 for three of your requests. Gabrielle Drake, Joan Collins and Britt Ekland all appear. The Marilyn Monroe look-alike has also been in Mayfair. *She's Vicki Scott of Vol 19 No 11.*

I found your colourful feature *The Mood's a Balloon* in Vol 20 No 2 both informative and breathtaking to look at. As a one-time hot-air balloonist it brought back fond memories.
My particular model (actually it belonged to my father, and was passed down to me), was not a fancy shape like the sponsored ones in some of your pictures, but just a brilliant red. We flew whenever we had the opportunity, and entered it in many local events – providing rides at fetes etc. However, on one occasion, it nearly provided the venue for a very different ride.
Lizzie (name changed), one of the girls whom I was friendly with at the time, had always expressed an interest in the balloon. She said she had always been fascinated by the idea of floating silently across the sky, saying she thought it was romantic. I wouldn't have gone so far as to say that, but the idea of being alone with Lizzie in the confines of a basket, with nobody to overlook us, did appeal. So one warm day, I took her up.
Once airborne, we turned off the burner, and I started to concentrate on Liz. She seemed most impressed with everything, and was almost swooning in my arms. So naturally I took advantage. We kissed long and hard, and sank into a rather uncomfortable semi-reclining position in the basket to join (or possibly open) the 'Quarter-of-a-Mile-High Club.' Both happily groping, and quite unaware of where we were going we carried on until we heard an ominous scraping. We had sunk to tree-top level, and instead of a glorious climax, were about to land with an ignominious bump. Even with more heat, we only just managed to meet the ground safely, then rolled out of the basket.
The gentleman whose field we'd 'chosen' came out to see what the matter was, and was probably quite surprised to find that not only did he have a 65 foot balloon in his cow field, but a man with shirt sticking out of his flies, and a girl with one boob falling out of her blouse. We recovered the balloon, and ourselves, and phoned for a car to bring us back.
A few moments longer in the air, and I would have qualified for your 'Sex in Odd Places' Club.
(Name and address withheld)

May I add my voice to that of PP of Harrow (Vol 20 No 2) asking for occasional photo-sets of girls with shaved pubic hair. I remember the very first issue of *Mayfair* I ever saw, back in 1971 or early 1972, featured such a set, and very arousing it was too. I am sure many other readers share our fascination.
AR, Dartford

I was so peeved (and that is putting it *very* politely) when I read the letter from AH of Taunton in Vol 20 No 2 asking for more close-ups of crotches in *Mayfair.* Who does he think

turn to page 108

'Actually, it's not my *manuscript – I brought it in for a friend.'*

'Mrs Hornby! The patient's head between his *knees if you please . . .'*

Natalie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OTTO WEISSER

Caught on a Mediterranean beach holding a lethal-looking weapon is 20-year-old Natalie Dupont. Natalie, who lives in the Bordeaux region of France, was sunning her superb 36–23–35 frame on the beach when she was spotted by our photographer. Two days later she posed for these.

Natalie is a college student, studying languages, so her English is impeccable – although she is far too modest to say so herself. Her speciality is English literature, and has just finished reading Dickens' works. 'My favourite is *David Copperfield*,' she told us. 'Very different from life in France, but charming.' Away from her studies, Natalie's main love is the sea. Although her hometown is twenty miles from the coast, she heads there as soon as the weather is warm enough. Swimming, scuba diving and sun-bathing are her three main passions, so she tells us.

Natalie is anxious to point out one thing, however. The spear-gun she is holding in the opening picture isn't hers. Not only that, she admits that she has no idea how to operate it. 'When I go diving it is to look at the fish, not kill them,' she told us. 'Besides, I'm no good with technical things. I would point it the wrong way, and shoot my

foot.' She says that she leaves anything remotely mechanical to her boyfriends. 'Yes, there is more than one, and I like that. Whenever, I do not understand something, I look helpless and soon one of them comes running.' And how would she describe her favourite man? 'Rugged, independent, somebody who treats women as equals. And English.'

I'd hardly ever worked with models, clothed or otherwise. I turned round, and she was almost naked, my every fantasy come true. She seemed to be everywhere at once, to touch, stroke and reveal everything. But she had one more secret for me to discover

HELL TO PAY

Fiction by R L Leming

I was in the middle of shooting *Slim Chance and the Deranged Range Riders* when the call came from my agent. Now, I'm not one to turn down a day's work, so when Hector told me it was skinclicks I just said sure, took down the address, and said I'd be there. I wondered, though. Why me? My thing was doing album covers, book covers, illustrations, that sort of thing. I hadn't done nudes, hardly ever even worked with models, clothed or otherwise.

When I got to the apartment, my agent cornered me in the corridor.

'Okay now, Jamie lad. I got this one for ya. When it turns out to be the best shoot of your life, you know who to thank.'

'What is this, Hector? I don't do skin, you know that. What's so special about this?'

'You'll see. Take my word for it, you'll see. Let's just say that I saw some early proofs, and this one's for you. Definitely for you! Go on, now. Go on, I gotta run.' He pushed me towards the door, and ran for the elevator.

I knocked, wondering what I'd do when I got inside. I had no idea how to direct a naked woman. But when she opened the door, I plain stopped thinking. It was the face that got me first. That innocent, helpless baby-face, surrounded with all that irridescent red hair that seemed to shift and fly in a wind that couldn't exist. I'd always been a sucker for baby-faces, and I knew that if I was around this woman . . . *girl* . . . very long, I'd be hopelessly in love with her. Just like a hundred times before. And just like a hundred times before . . . I'd suffer.

She opened the door wider, and stepped back.

'Come in, Mr Lee.'

God! The . . . voice on that kid. Soft, husky and childlike. A voice that could enslave a man, turn him into a happy idiot. She was dressed in a red velvet robe, and her nipples rode high and sassy, prominent on a pair of breasts that were large but not disproportionate. She couldn't have weighed more than a hundred pounds.

I could see why Hector had put me onto this shoot. He'd known I would fall for this doll, and he knew, because of it, I would make her look better than anyone else ever could. Hector was no idiot. Hell, he was probably representing her too.

'So, Mr Lee. I'm Dorinne Dorcas.'

'Hi . . . uh, hi. How ya doin'?'

'I'm just fine, Mr Lee. It's been a while since the funerals but you look like you're doing well.'

What? Funerals? Oh, yeah . . . I did remember a skinny little kid at Ernie's funeral, and

ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN GLEN MITCHEL

Larry's too, come to think of it. This was *her*? That little kid with the big, sad eyes? She turned and walked to the couch, and her ass moved like a litter of puppies in a cashmere sweater. I was hooked.

'Should we get started?' she asked.

'Sure, okay.' I set my bag down, and bent over it to get out my Crown Graphic and my filmholders and backs. I turned around and almost dropped everything. She was naked, except for a G-string, lying on the seal-white couch, and there was no way I could have been prepared for *that* body. It was . . . well, perfect. At least to me. There wasn't a blemish anywhere, I swear. It was rich, yet thin and childlike, the skin an ivory-pearl colour. It was like looking at my every fantasy come true.

She laughed, giggled, and I broke from my staring spree like shattered glass. I closed my mouth, loaded a Polaroid sheet into the Graphic, and took a test exposure. I set up two floods, and as I loaded the 220 rollback she began to move and pose, began to tease the camera, tease me. She knelt on the couch, spread her legs just enough for her to peek and pout out of the G-string with a split, to push out just far enough and just wet enough to inspire awe. Not lust somehow; a pure desire, motivated by a feeling of being desperately *wanted* which she somehow projected. A sense of being alone in the world, and all she wanted was to be with *me*.

Now, I don't know what *other* photographs do, but I was in a *bad* way. I had fallen in love with this girl almost as soon as I saw her – *drawn* to her, somehow. My body was beginning to think it was a virgin, that, no matter how many women I had laid, I hadn't made love or been loved until I loved *this* woman . . . *this girl.*

I went through three filmbacks and all my holders, and I knew I had made the best images of my career. And suffered through *all* of them, let me add.

She looked at me, watched me. Now and again, the pinkest, most nimble tongue I had ever seen would peek out and lick those red, full lips. Out of the side of my eye, I swear I saw that tongue reach up, and lightly caress the tip of her nose. Then she giggled. Well, that did it! I had to at least try. I turned, and her face was suddenly ruddy and serious. Those huge, deep eyes looked like a pair of blue-black cats in the moonlight, and she had a look of intense interest on her face as if she was concentrating entirely upon me.

'Would you . . .?'

'Yes.'

My heart stopped for one moment. Then I walked slowly, carefully, over to her. I reached down, and touched her cheek softly, lightly. She looked up at me with a look of pure trust, reached out her tongue, and lapped my hand. She began to unbutton my shirt, and sent that tongue snaking over my nipples, and down my belly while she unzipped my trousers. I was paralysed, unable to believe where I was and what I was doing.

'Mr Lee . . . James . . . I should tell you, I'm a virgin.'

'What? I mean . . . *gee* . . . and you picked *me*?'

'Yes. Yes, I chose you *very* carefully. You see, you might say that today's my birthday . . . yes, my birthday, the day I reach maturity, and receive certain . . . legacies. And it's very important that the right man – *just the right man*-be with me, be the first . . . *and only*.'

I swear to God, if nothing else *ever* happened to me for the rest of my life, I would be satisfied and sustained by this alone.

'I . . . why, th . . thank you.'

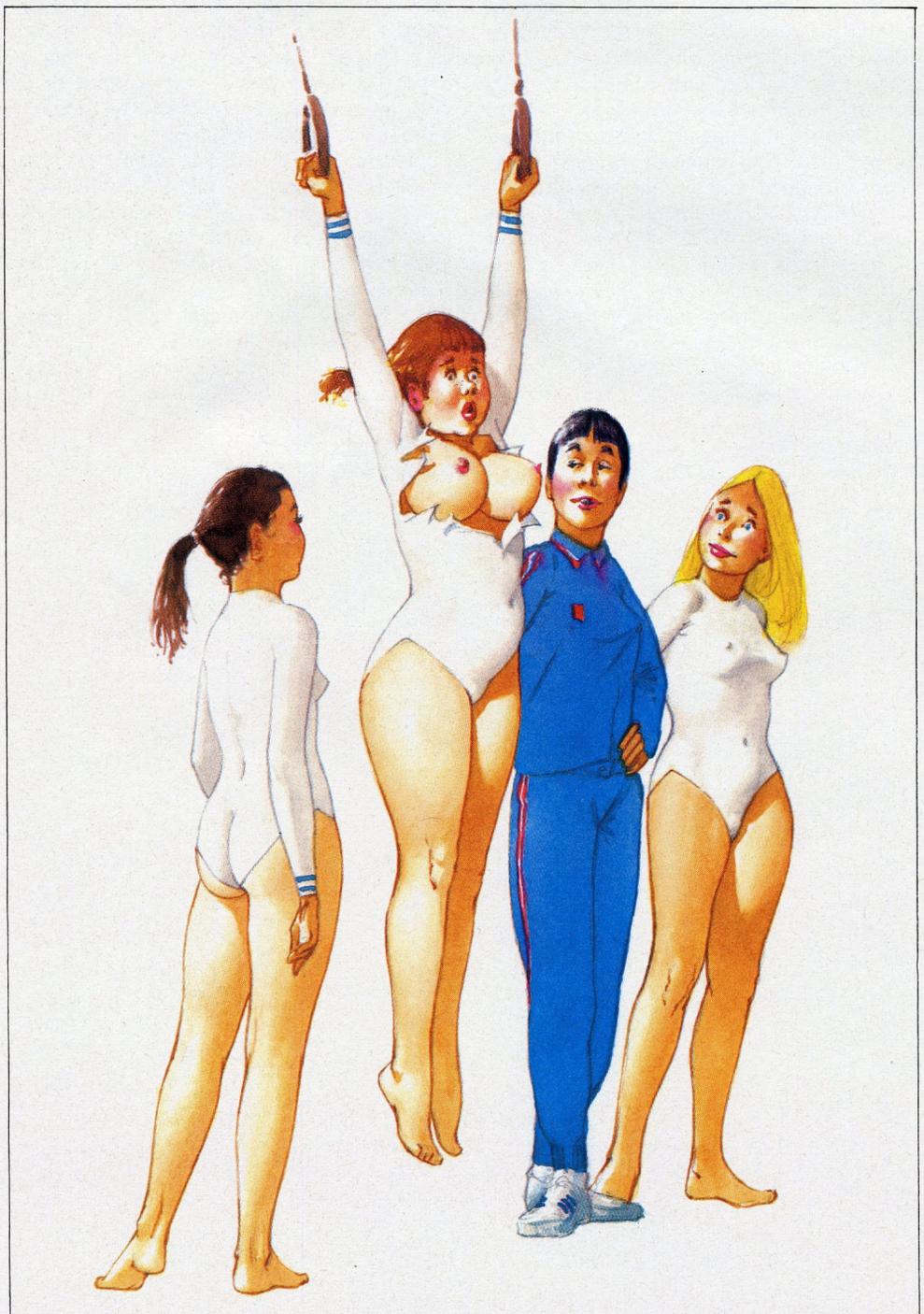
Her tongue reached down, and wrapped itself around me. It felt like what I had imagined it would feel to be surrounded by women. She seemed to be everywhere, to touch everything. She hadn't taken me into her mouth yet but as she pulled me down on the couch, and knelt over me, she did, and began nibbling softly with her teeth. And with my dick still in her mouth, her tongue again shot out, and began licking and caressing my balls.

Until now I had done next to nothing, too lost in paradise even to think. Now I discovered her arse, a foot from my face, covered with the G-string, and still wiggling like those crazy puppies. I took a breast in each hand, their weight pulling down, pressing the nipples into my palms, and I bent up and began to kiss her tiny, perfect arse, and rub my face and cheeks against the silk of the G-string.

There was something *under* the G-string . . . something that felt . . . well, *strange*. She giggled wildly as I grabbed the G-string with my teeth, and began to pull it down. Suddenly, that something shot out, freed.

It was a tail, black and boneless and soft as velvet. Her mouth and tongue held my dick and balls in an immovable grip as her tail began to caress my face, my throat, and began to move down my back and chest. It was

turn to page 92



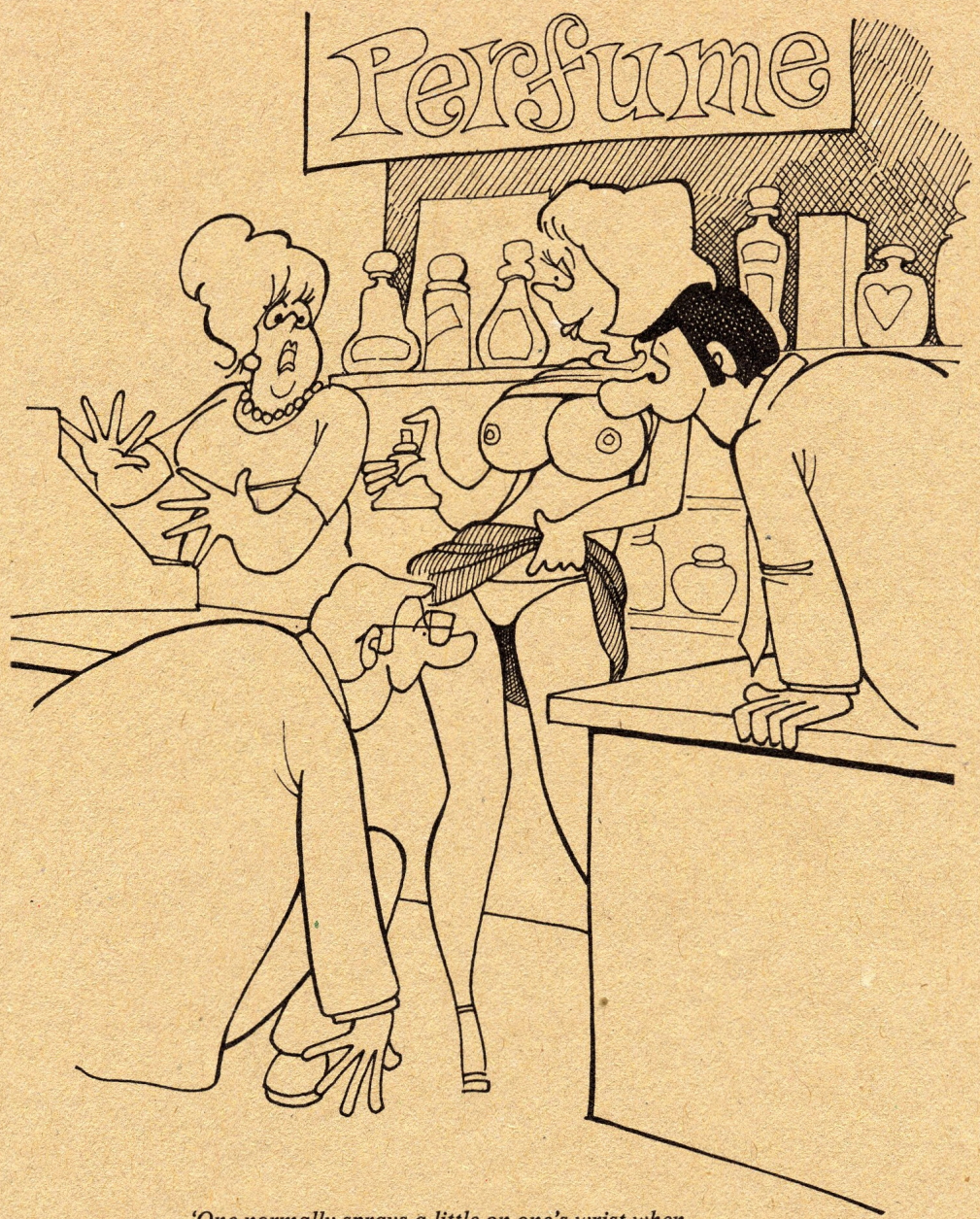
'Someone, Christine, didn't give up anything for Lent'

ANNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Visitors to Anne Croft's cottage nestling beneath the spectacular mountains of Snowdonia might be surprised by the size of one item of furniture. 'No, it isn't the bed,' laughed 21-year-old Anne. 'It's the bookcase. It takes up the whole of one side of the lounge.' And what's more, every shelf is filled. Not with weighty, learned tomes, but crammed with over 200 children's books from Enid Blyton's Famous Five, through the adventures of numerous public school heroines, to classics such as *Little Women* and *Wuthering Heights*. 'I've never really grown up,' Anne told us, her 36–24–35 figure providing ample evidence to the contrary. 'I read them again and again. Over the years some of the characters have become my best friends.'

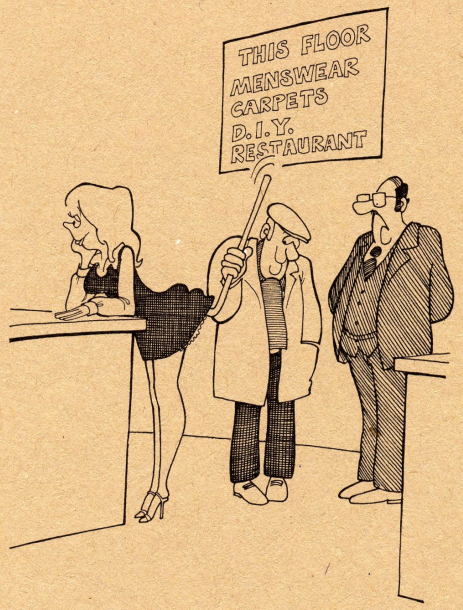
When Anne isn't curled up by the fire reading *What Katy Did* or *What Katy Did Next*, she works for an agency offering herself for a wide range of work. 'I've done everything from farm labouring and dog walking to secretarial work for a newspaper,' she told us. 'It was one of the men there who suggested I took up modelling.' Her most embarassing moment? 'When I fell over in the pig pen,' she said grimacing at the thought. 'Nobody talked to me for ages.' It provided a pleasant bonus for the farmer though. 'He caught me changing. I hadn't heard words like that in Welsh!'



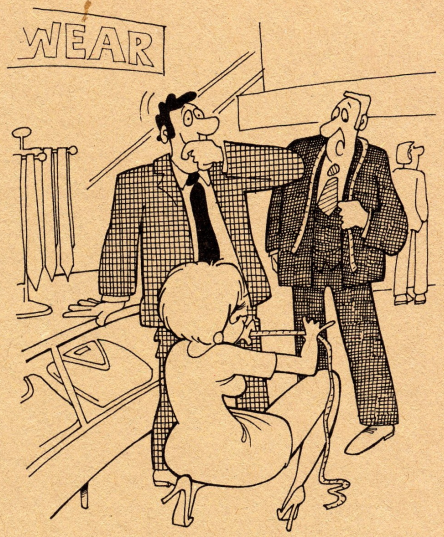
'One normally sprays a little on one's wrist when helping a customer to decide, Miss Trent!'

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

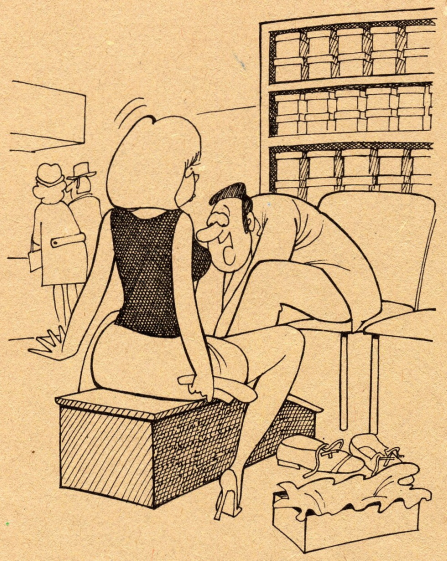
If it's true you can find anything you want in a department store, asks cartoonist Anthony, what happens if you're shopping for excitement?



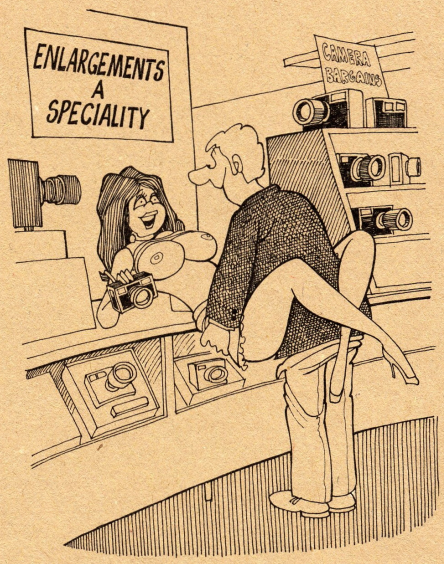
'Ladies underwear, third floor, sir.'



'Miss Phelps, what exactly are you measuring?'

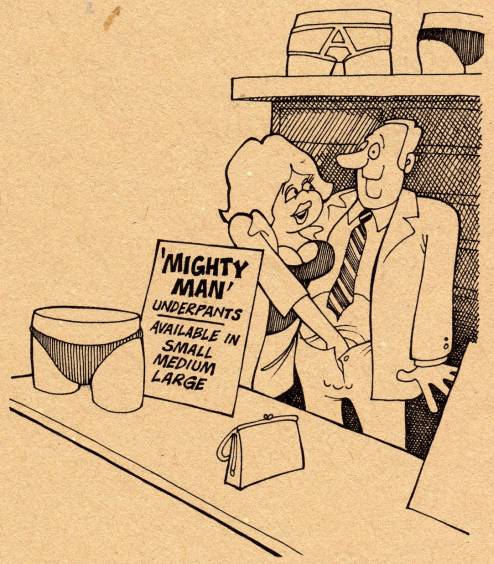


'This one feels a little tight.'

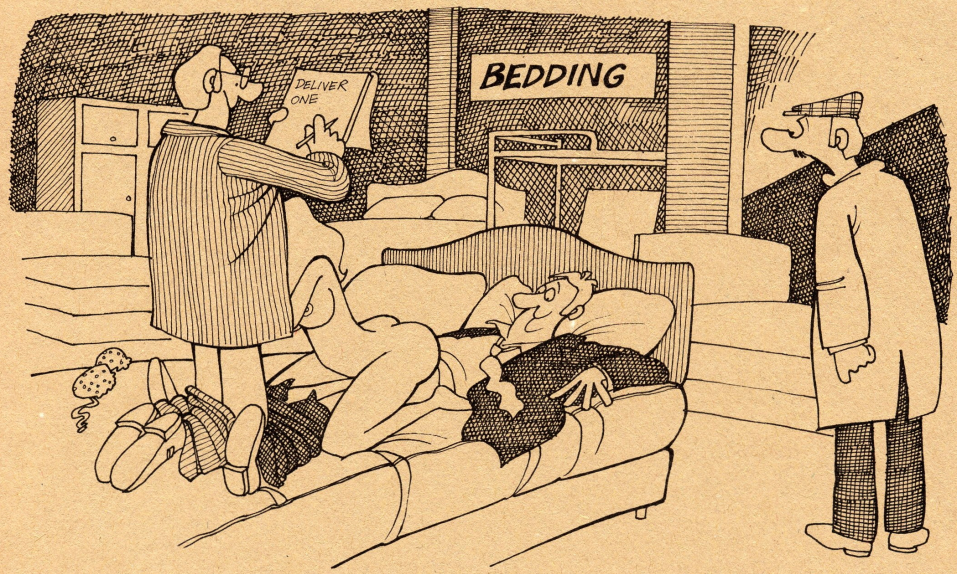


'Is this the manual override you were telling me about?'

'How do I get it to go back up again?'

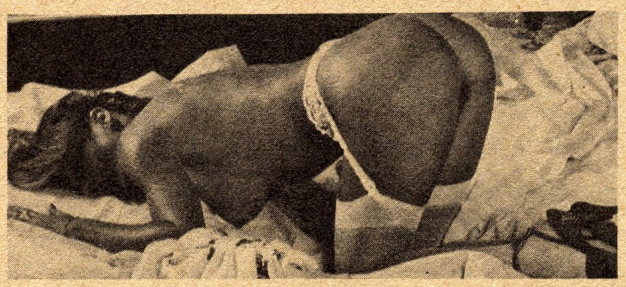


'Mmmm . . . my husband is a little smaller than this. Would that be medium?'



'I hate to disturb you chaps in the middle of a sale, but I'm waiting to lock up.'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL



Fabulous Fiona Brown (Vol 15 No 5) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol 14 No 11, Vol 15 Nos 5 and 10, and Vol 16 Nos 1 and 4.

Other back numbers available include:

VOL. 14 No. 11 *(Notts Forest's sexiest supporter, Guy Fawkes)* £1.25; **VOL. 15 No. 5** *(Fiona, Malta siege)* £1.20; **6** *(Jo, the Heineken nude, Henry Segrave)* £1.20; **7** *(Angelic Annabel, The man who stole the Crown Jewels)* £1.20; **8** *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **9** *(Vivacious Viv – the nude from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre)* £1.20; **10** *(Nudest boxing fan, Victorian erotic literature)* £1.25; **11** *(Top model Helle, Scrambling)* £1.25; **VOL. 16 No. 1** *("Sun" girl Stephanie, Sweeney Todd)* £1.30; **2** *(The Luscious Landlady, Armstrong Siddeleys)* £1.30; **4** *(Pippa from the Mirror, Shrewsbury train crash horror)* £1.30; **5** *(Motorcycling Marilyn, Bayonets)* £1.30; **6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **7** *(Policeman's nudest daughter, MG Midgets)* £1.30; **8** *(Yanez, Big Bentleys)* £1.30; **9** *(Susie from Sherborne School, Powerboats)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 1** *(Saucy Frankie from the burger bar, Sealed Knot)* £1.30; **2** *(The girl who stripped on TV's "OTT", St Valentine's Day massacre)* £1.30; **4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **5** *(Janet from the Kennel Club, How the world's greatest illusionist died)* £1.30; **6** *('Miss Nude UK' finalist, Bogus Beasts)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Allum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **9** *(Aslan the World's best erotic artist, Amorous Anne Markham)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 2** *(16-year-old Louise, Lindbergh)* £1.45; **3** *(38-24-35 Marie, Girl gladiators)* £1.45; **4** *(Continental star Sybille Rauch, Gurkhas)* £1.45; **5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties – Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas)* £1.45; **10** *(Kim Mills, Rifles)* £1.45; **11** *(Beth Blackshaw, The truth behind Telemark)* £1.45; **12** *(Jo Peace, 40 Girls of the Year, Uncovering the curse of Tutankhamen)* £2.30; **VOL. 19 No. 1** *('Whose Baby?' hostess Nikki Critcher, Wild West gunfighters)* £1.45; **2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** *(*Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *("Starbird" Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **7** *(Girl you've asked to see Lynn Taylor, the Hurricane)* £1.45; **8** *(George Best's sexy girlfriend nude, Lagondas)* £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **11** *(Sexy sisters, Tank Busters)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **Vol. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** (Page Three *pet Jane Warner, the brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 1,* £1.90; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 2,* £2; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 3,* £2.25; *Best of Mayfair No. 4,* £2.50.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues .....
Name .....
Address .....
.....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ .....

Reg. London No.. 875169 M204

EATING OUT

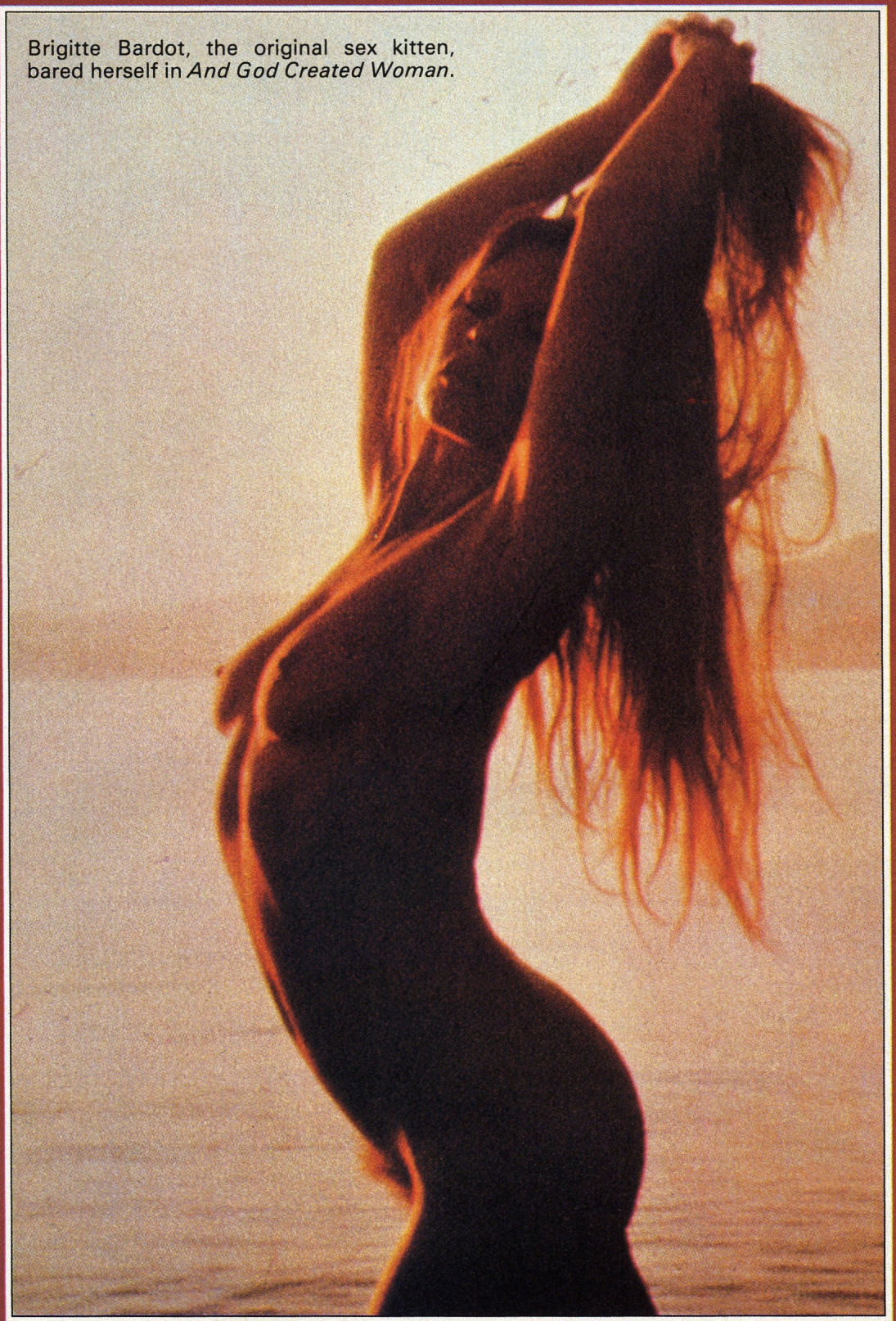
Brian O'Hanlon

The Editor of *Mayfair* and I had a most delicious surprise the other day. We lunched at **The Brasserie Mode**, *15 Gt Castle St, W1 (Tel: 01-580 2125).* It is behind Peter Robinson's on the north east corner of Oxford Circus, and is well managed by John Lee. It does lunches from Mondays to Fridays, and at other times a smart cocktail bar is open on the entrance floor. In the main dining area, above the bar, there is a delightful colour scheme of salmon pink and lovat grey, affording an effortlessly superior mein. The menu changes every month, and someone had obviously put a lot of thought into it. A distinctly edible 'franglaise'; or what the management refers to as 'a mixture of *nouvelle* and *haut cuisine*'. For starters the lobster soufflé (£3.50) was deliciously done in brandy sauce, and I enjoyed the king prawns and mushrooms (£3.90), although I was also tempted by the salmon steak between puff pastry slices, at £3.50. Delicious too, was my fillet of beef in a truffle sauce with a mushroom mousse (£9.50), and I know the Editor greatly enjoyed his fillet of veal with Roquefort cheese, priced £9.50. Prices include vegetables. There is a 75p cover charge, and the service is excellent. The house wine is £4.95, and 85p per glass. *The Brasserie Mode* is definitely heartily recommended.

Jeeper's is a Mexican bar restaurant – very strong on chillies – owned by Melbourne man, Brian Kiley, and his attractive wife, Roma. It's situated in buildings that have been at various times stables for Young's Brewery, a dairy and, of late, a motor cycle repair shop, at *350 York Road, Wandsworth, SW18. (Tel: 01-870 5491).* Every chilli is named after a girl, which caused the feminist cadre at the GLC to get up in arms, last year. Prices are £3.95 plus £2.50 for refills. All the main ingredients are sensibly explained in great detail on the back of the menu. *Guacamole* is an hors d'oeuvre dip of avocado, onion, and tomato, mixed with fresh lime, served with corn chips. An *enchilada* is a soft *tortilla* or pancake, filled with chilli, and covered with hot cheese. *Tostadas* are deep fried crispy corn *tortillas*, layered with chicken; *Nachos*, corn chips again, covered with melted cheese and olives, with chilli pepper sauce. *Burritos* are parcel-shaped large flour-made *tortillas* with chilli fillings, topped with cheese and chilli pepper sauce, garnished with *guacamole*; and *Heuvos Rancheros* are corn *tortillas* covered with hot cheese and chilli peppers, topped with fried eggs. There is live music nightly from 9 pm, and they do a £4.95 special offer of a three-course set menu with three choices of dip, starters and mains. The idea came to the Kiley's from *Joanna's* in Los Angeles, but the 'Mexican Banana' – a Bunterish delight covered with Grand Marnier and cream whip, is strictly Roma Kiley's. It has a great atmosphere, warm and welcoming, and if you haven't tried Mexican food before, it's a great place to uncover new dishes.

May's Court is at the back of St Martin's Lane, WC2. A part of the West End clustered with some very good restaurants. At No 8 *(Tel: 01-836 9180)*, a much talked-about French restaurant called **La Provence** has recently opened. It is French staffed and managed, *not* just *à la mode francaise*! A place to experiment in the traditional Gallic manner. *Ananas aux crevettes* (£2.75) are pineapple slices topped with prawns in a lightly curried mayonnaise, which I can personally recommend, and do try their *salad Nicoise* (£2.25), as well as the delicate chicken liver with brandy mousse (£1.95). Hot *hors d'oeuvres* include snails in spiced garlic butter, and prawns in their shells in white wine, garlic, parsley, and basil sauce. Then there's scampi with *calvados* (£6.25), fillets of sole in cream, prawns and brandy (£6.75), and a host of other goodies. It's not cheap, but it does represent good value, and is proving to be *very* successful.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.



Brigitte Bardot, the original sex kitten, bared herself in *And God Created Woman*.

When the great stars stripped for the screen

Ever since a short silent film of a couple kissing had crowds queueing for hours, sex and the cinema have been willing partners with many famous actresses joining in

When actress Gabrielle Drake entertained the erotic fantasies of a youthful Richard O'Sullivan in *Au Pair Girls* – a 1972 softcore comedy – it's unlikely that she saw herself becoming the leading player in one of Britain's top soap operas. But the future mistress of *Crossroads* motel had just the right idea. Baring an attractive anatomy to the film camera might not always result in great art, but it certainly grabs an audience's attention. And that's the first thing any young actress – and any film maker – needs to do.

It's a lesson the cinema learned very early. In 1896 the New York police had to be called to control crowds flocking to see the latest and most sensational product of the newly invented 'cinematograph'. It was a film entitled *The Kiss*. It was shot in grainy black and white, lasted seconds rather than minutes, and featured a moustachioed admirer pressing his lips to the cheek of a buxom female companion.

The Kiss might be small beer by today's standards, but it marked the first step in an alliance between the cinema and sex; from the very earliest days the two have gone hand in hand.

The third or fourth moving picture camera ever manufactured by Thomas Edison was snapped up by an enterprising Brazilian who immediately rushed home with it, and invented the blue movie. By 1904 Brazil was the world's leading producer of 'stag' films, its productions on show in special 'viewing rooms' in the finest brothels of London and Paris. By 1909 the French had taken up the challenge, and quickly outdid their South American rivals in quantity and imagination – to such an extent that 'French film' is still something of synonym for screen sexiness.

Within a few years Britain and America were in on the sexual act as well; one of the few examples to survive the ravages of time and the censor is a 1915 American film called *A Free Ride* or *The Grass Sandwich* – mainly because the couple on display indulge themselves in a grassy field.

Nothing like that explicitness, however, appeared at the neighbourhood 'nickleodeon' or 'kinema'. But not for want of trying on the film-makers' behalf. Sex, as *The Kiss* had shown, drew crowds. Consequently the screen's first manufactured 'star' was a sex star – at least by the standards of 1915.

Her name was Theodosia Goodman, and she was the daughter of a tailor from Cincinnatti, Ohio. By the time the publicists of her first major film, *A Fool There Was*, had finished with her she had become the love child of a French artist and his Egyptian mistress, born in the Sahara, and blessed with mystic powers. Re-christened 'Theda Bara' (an anagram of 'Arab Death'), she was the cinema's first 'vamp' – short for 'vampire' – a woman so unimaginably erotic that the mere sight of her would drive men wild with passion. At least, that was the theory. Her screen eroticism was largely confined to a fixed stare and thick black eye make-up, characteristics more suggestive, to a modern audience, of short-sightedness and a heavy night than unrestrained lust. Flimsy oriental costume and well orchestrated publicity made up the rest.

Theda Bara, and the 'vamps' who followed her, were sexual predators, taking the initiative in enslaving unsuspecting males – only to cast them aside with a sardonic laugh. The reasons why were never made entirely clear, beyond a general predeliction for mischief-making.

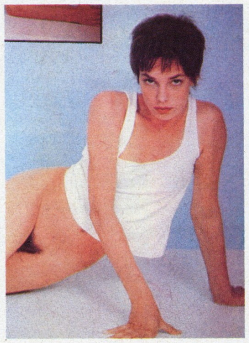
Their seductions were carried out almost exclusively by suggestion, and suggestion remained the stock Hollywood method of depicting sexual intimacy until the sixties. But it was a method that offered almost infinite variety.

By the twenties audiences were tiring of the 'vamps' who found sexual conquest so easy, and a young director called Cecil B De Mille saw the opportunity to vary the formula by having conventionally virtuous heroines succumb to 'vampishness', but only long enough to see the error of their ways. In films like *Why Change Your Wife? Don't Change Your Husband* and *Forbidden Fruit*, lip service was paid to traditional morality – in the last reel. Up till then heroine and hero were free to indulge in most of the delights of the Jazz Age. One of the most important of these – at least to Mr De Mille's astute mind – was bathing. In virtually every De Mill success of the twenties the action would grind to a halt as the heroine was ceremoniously stripped by maidservants, and took a bath in the most luxurious circumstances. Clothes would come off but nudity would be masked by the discreet use of towels and robes, and foam or bath salts kept the bathwater clouded. The device became a national joke – while De Mille laughed all the way to the bank.

Sheer acting ability, and screen magnetism, could suggest just as much, as Greta Garbo and John Gilbert proved in *The Flesh and the Devil* made in 1927. The most explicit aspect of their love scenes was that they were conducted horizontally, though both remained fully clothed. But the emotional sincerity of actor and actress was enough to make the screen sizzle.

The same year Marlene Dietrich was having a similar impact showing the erotic potential of stockings, suspenders and a good pair of legs in *The Blue Angel*. Shortly afterwards Jean Harlow shifted the audience's attention upwards by appearing in a series of clinging gowns with nothing underneath. With her screen image of the sluttish platinum blonde, she singlehandedly – or two-breastedly – banished the flat-chested 'flapper' of the Jazz Age for good, proving conclusively that American actresses possessed nipples.

Mae West took Hollywood permissiveness in



Few women portrayed sensuality on screen better than sex kitten, Brigitte Bardot (previous page and top right). In the fifties, European stars were prepared to reveal much more than their British and US counterparts. By the sixties and seventies, however, many top British stars were also becoming more daring. Gabrielle Drake, the new Crossroads *star (top left) enjoyed a nude romp with Richard O'Sullivan in 1972's* Au Pair Girls. *Two pictures above: Glenda Jackson, who went topless in* Women in Love, *which also contained a nude wrestling scene between Oliver Reed and Alan Bates. Two pictures near right: In 1966, Jane Birken stripped for Antonioni's* Blow Out, *a film which also starred Vanessa Redgrave (far right) who was seen topless. Two years later she revealed more in* Isadora's *nude scene.*

Vanessa Redgrave: she went topless in *Blow Out*, and bared even more in *Isadora*.

the thirties to its limits – and slightly beyond, but only verbally. She was 40 years old and matronly proportioned when she made her screen debut with *Night After Night* in 1932, yet her ability to wallow unashamedly in sex, and simultaneously poke glorious fun at the whole idea was like a breath of fresh air. Self-penned lines like, 'Is that a pipe in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?' proved too bracing, however, for the guardians of America's morals. Mae's success led directly to the creation of a Production Code governing screen ethics, which effectively banished explicit sex from Hollywood for over three decades. Nudity, seduction and rape were banned, kisses could only last a set maximum number of seconds, and couples might only embrace on a (single) bed if one of the man's feet remained on the floor, thereby making conventional sex impossible. Unconventional sex could not even be hinted at.

Europe's film industry managed to avoid this kind of self-imposed stranglehold. One of the most startling consequences was a 1933 Czech production called, appropriately enough, *Ecstasy*. It included a ten minute sequence featuring its beautiful 19-year-old heroine, Hedy Lamarr, stripping completely, skinny dipping and then taking a full-frontal stroll through woodland before indulging in a bout of steamy love-making with an illicit lover. Though lyrical and highly symbolic, the film won instant international notoriety for this sequence alone – which was widely censored. Four years later Miss Lamarr became a Hollywood star, but never again appeared as revealingly as she had in her first leading role.

Hollywood could not dare match that kind of exposure. Instead it concentrated on hinting at hidden bounties by clothing its most glamorous actresses in overtight swimsuits (like Betty Grable), overtight sweaters (like Lana Turner) or plunging necklines (like Jane Russell).

The sexual initiative had passed firmly into European hands. Voluptuous actresses like Italy's Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren and France's Martine Carol and Brigitte Bardot not only displayed passion more openly and honestly than their American – and British – counterparts, they displayed a lot more of themselves as well. All appeared nude or semi-nude on screen – Bardot, the most spectacularly in *And God Created Woman*, the 1956 film which turned her into an international sex symbol. The nudity was highly discreet by modern standards, and certainly a long way from full-frontal, but the erotic effect was considerable.

The lesson was plain. Nudity, commercially speaking, was the next best thing to graphic sex. But how to show it acceptably on screen?

As the fifties progressed film-makers on both sides of the Atlantic hit upon an ingenious answer: the nudist film. Invariably it provided a documentary or semi-documentary account of a visit to a nudist camp, showing naked men and women enjoying the delights of naturism, such as sunbathing, ping-pong and leapfrogging. An enormous acreage of bare buttocks and bobbing breasts was on view but since full-frontal shots were forbidden – as was the slightest hint of sexual activity, or even touching – audiences rapidly lost interest.

The advent of the sixties saw the beginnings of a new and more general permissiveness. Films like *Room At The Top* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* from Britain, *La Dolce Vita* from Italy and *Hiroshima Mon Amour* from France treated sex with unprecedented honesty. They were frank but only marginally erotic. The new 'softcore' industry arising in America succeeded in being both. The 'nudie-cutie' film, as it was known locally, was largely the invention of one man, an ex-*Playboy* centrefold photographer called Russ Meyer. In 1959 Meyer spent four days and $25,000 improvising *The Immoral Mr Teas*. Its hero was a humble delivery man who, after having an anaesthetic at the dentist, sees naked every woman he meets. When eventually he seeks the help of a female psychiatrist he finds her nude too.

Not only was Meyer an accomplished and inventive photographer, he used nude models who were both stunning and huge breasted – the kind of girls who kept their tight sweaters on in more conventional movies. More importantly he had found a way to fill the screen with the amount of nudity previously seen only in the naturist epics, but technically without breaking the rules. His girls do no more than all those happy, leapfrogging nudists – they just happen to be a great deal prettier. His Mr Teas is equally inactive: all he ever does is ogle, and he is such an obvious buffoon that none of the girls on view could ever take him seriously.

The Immortal Mr Teas won instant notoriety and over a million dollars profit. Dozens of imitations followed – many by Meyer himself.

But barriers against explicitness were breaking down almost as fast in mainstream cinema. In 1965 Sidney Lumet's melodrama *The Pawnbroker* featured Hollywood's first

Top row, left: One of the most erotic pieces of cinema was Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland's love scene in 1973's Don't Look Now. *To her right, another seventies' sex star, Britt Ekland. Middle row, above: Charlotte Rampling who was incestuously loved in* 'Tis Pity She's a Whore. *To her right, Susan Strasberg stripped in* The Trip, *and right of her, another glimpse of Britt Ekland. Bottom row, left;* Last Tango in Paris *star Marie Schneider. To her right, Glenda Jackson's* Women in Love *co-star, Jenny Linden; then Charlotte Rampling once more. Large picture right: Marie Schneider admired for her* Last Tango *performance.*

Maria Schneider. Her *Last Tango in Paris* appearance caused much controversy.

Britt Ekland, who danced nudely in *The Wicker Man*.

topless actress, in a scene where a negro prostitute lowers her dress to display her 'wares'. The following year Antonioni's dissection of 'Swinging London', *Blow Up* had actresses Jane Birkin and Gillian Hills writhing nudely on the floor of a photographer's studio, and revealing – for those with extremely acute eyesight – the faintest flashes of pubic hair. In the same film Vanessa Redgrave shed top and bra, though she kept her arms coyly folded – which is more than she did for a moonlit nude scene in *Isadora* two years later.

Only the extremely shortsighted could miss the pubic jungles on view in Vilgot Sjoman's *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, which appeared in 1967. It featured its rather dumpy but enthusiastic heroine, Lena Nyman, making love on a balcony in front of the Swedish royal palace, up a tree, and even in a bedroom, where she appeared to kiss her co-star's semi-erect organ.

Such uninhibited behaviour provoked a storm of moral outrage. As a result the film was an enormous financial success, and paved the way for ever increasing permissiveness on screen.

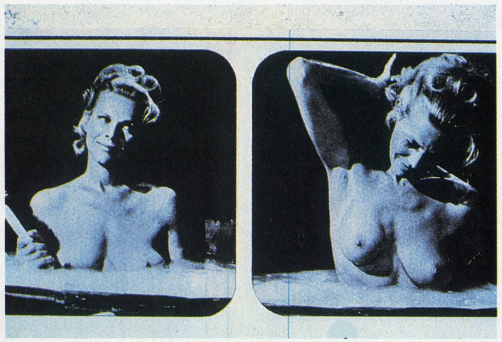
Toward the end of the sixties a willingness to strip and appear in equally uninhibited, though strictly simulated sex scenes was beginning to be regarded as a mark of an actress's seriousness – to such an extent that a number of established Hollywood stars issued statements insisting that they never would. This did not deter actresses like Susan Strasberg in *The Trip*, or Glenda Jackson and Jenny Linden who both appeared topless in energetic love scenes in *Women in Love* – a film equally notable for its full-frontal nude wrestling match between leading men Oliver Reed and Alan Bates.

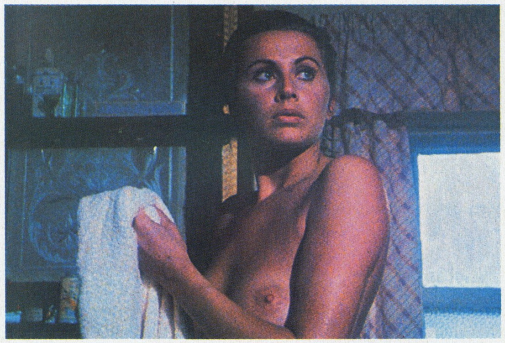
A naked Charlotte Rampling was shown impassioned and impaled by an incestuous lover in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. Ursula Andress made a brief topless appearance in 1970's *Perfect Friday*. And Dyan Cannon's modesty, but little else, was covered by a few strands of wool in a nude photographic session in *Such Good Friends*.

The early seventies marked the climax – in more senses than one – of the screen's sexual advance, at least to date. For one mind-boggling moment conventional cinema and hardcore cinema seemed almost interchangable. On the one hand, in *Last Tango in Paris*, an established star and celebrated actor like Marlon Brando was seen all but raping 19-year-old Maria Schneider against a wall, philosophically soaping her nude body as she stands in a bath, and taking her from behind with the aid of some liberally applied butter. On the other, *Deep Throat*, America's first professionally produced, feature-length pornographic movie, was revealing Linda Lovelace's remarkable ability to swallow visibly outsized erections to stunned New York audiences. Suddenly blue movies weren't just freely available, they were fashionable – at least in many areas of the United States.

Deep Throat, and its similarly polished follow-ups *Behind the Green Door* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* never quite made it to the local ABC or Odeon, but their effects were discernable in a number of films that did. When Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland got together in the 1973 thriller *Don't Look Now* their scene of lovemaking was one of the most graphic and erotic ever to appear on screen – both in terms of nudity and what they appeared to be doing. It escaped the censor's scissors only because clever camera angles and editing managed to eliminate every erogenous zone, apart from the lips, and still expose the maximum amount of flesh. Two years later Britt Ekland was fully, though not full-frontally, nude for a solitary pagan fertility dance, hoping to arouse Edward Woodward's interest in the adjoining bedroom, in *The Wicker Man*. Helen Mirren made a fully nude, and full-frontal, staircase entrance in Ken Russell's *Savage Messiah*.

By the second half of the seventies female nudity in the cinema had become so acceptable that an older generation of actresses were tempted to chance their arms, legs, and bare breasts. Joan Collins, aged 44, used nudity and some steamily erotic bouts of lovemaking in *The Stud*. Having made her point she revealed rather less for its follow-up *The Bitch*. Ex-*Avenger* Honor Blackman





Large picture above: Britt Ekland in a scene from The Wicker Man *made in 1973, also starring Edward Woodward. Bottom near right: Honor Blackman, the ex leather-clad* Avenger, *proved even more exciting in* The Age of Innocence. *Far right:* The Eye of the Needle *provided a brief topless glimpse of Kate Nelligan, whilst Maud Adams (above her) bared all in* Tattoo. *Picture centre page: Joan Collins, aged 44, went on to top television roles like her part in the famous soap opera,* Dynasty, *after some steamy love scenes in* The Stud, *a film made in 1978.*

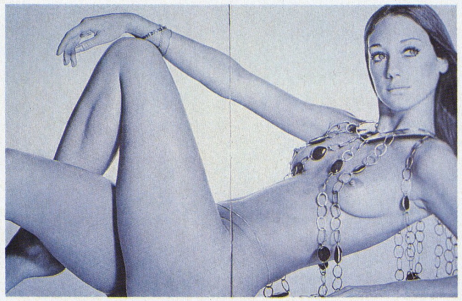
Maud Adams went nude in *Tattoo*.

had less success with a lengthy topless sequence in *Age of Innocence*, but proved that sex appeal, and a remarkable bust, needn't droop past the age of 50.

Today the cinema has retreated, but only just, from the explicitness of *Deep Throat*. The established divisions remain: 'hardcore', in which sex is done, and clearly seen to be done; 'softcore' in which it appears to be done; and mainstream which borrows from softcore, but to make a dramatic point. Or so the film makers claim.

Consequently the fact that Kate Nelligan is briefly topless in *Eye of the Needle*, Maud Adams is fully nude while Bruce Dern's mad tattooist decorates her body in *Tattoo*, and Cannes award-winning actress Isabelle Huppert takes a full-frontal lakeside dip in *Heaven's Gate* while Kris Kristofferson looks on, passes without critical comment of any kind. Or that Marie-France Pisier nudely straddles a prospective conquest in the otherwise slushily romantic *The Other Side of Midnight*, and does extraordinary things with a mouthful of ice cubes. Even 16-year-old Tatum O'Neal appeared as a teenybopper anxious to lose her virginity. She stripped to arouse Richard Burton's interest in *Circle of Two* (1980).

Similarly no one seems to think any the worse of an actress like Marisa Bereson moving from the lofty and critically acclaimed heights of *Death in Venice* and *Barry Lyndon* to the earthier, and nuder realms of *Casanova & Co*, a glossy but indeniably softcore European co-production, Quality, it seems, excuses all: if an actress gives a good performance in a good, or at least successful, film, she can get away with blue – murder. Almost literally. Which can't be bad for the eager male viewer.



Large picture far left: Later to play Octopussy in the Bond film of the same name, Maud Adams went under the needle nude in Tattoo. *Pictured below text: Sophia Loren went topless in* Cleopatra. *Two pictures bottom left: Marisa Berenson escaped* Death in Venice *to join* Cassanova & Co, *a glossy softcore production. Above left: Ryan's daughter Tatum O'Neal stripped off in 1980's* Circle of Two, *where she played a teenager Above: Isabelle Huppert who made a splash with a full-frontal swim in* Heaven's Gate. *Top left: Ursula Andress gave audiences a glimpse of her boobs in 1970's* Perfect Friday, *starring Stanley Baker. Two pictures top right: Marie France Pisier whose nudity enlivened* The Other Side of Midnight.

Their motive was money, their methods grisly. Burke and Hare suffocated 16 victims then sold the bodies for medical research . . .

Bodies were their business

By Gerald Rawling

Strangely, he slept well on that last night, although previously he had suffered hideous nightmares. They had moved him surreptitiously from Calton Hill Jail to the lock-up at Libberton Wynd, hard by the Lawnmarket, but all these locations were well within the confines of Edinburgh, and the caution was to ensure that he was not lynched by a mob before he was hanged by the due processes of law. The mob had, indeed started gathering as soon as the authorities began erecting the scaffold on the afternoon of January 27, 1829, and at 2am on the following morning when the entire work was completed, 'three tremendous cheers' went up from a crowd oblivious to a continuous downpour of drenching rain. The noise, they said afterwards, could be heard away across to the other side of Edinburgh Castle Hill and clear down to Princes Street.

He arose at 5.30 to be given a breakfast of bread and water, a cold meal at the express command of the judge who had pronounced sentence on him. His fetters were knocked off about the same time. 'So may all my earthly chains fall!' he remarked, showing he still retained a sense of humour. At 6.30 a Roman Catholic priest was hearing his last confession, and administering the Holy Eucharist, and after that further clerics, including two Protestant ministers, were admitted. During the endless praying sequence, he momentarily lost his nerve, and dived into an adjoining room, only to run into Williams, the executioner, who thought he was trying to escape. 'I am not ready for you just yet,' said the prisoner, but Williams took the opportunity to bind his arms behind him. Led back, and having recovered his composure, he was offered a glass of wine – contrary to the judge's ruling – and was

When Burke and Hare produced the fifth body for the Edinburgh doctor, his assistant, William Fergusson, recognised the girl as he had slept with her a few nights before. He said nothing, and 12 more bodies followed.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

Cynthia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Most of us can be turned on by music, whether it is the wild pulsating beat of a disco which sets the adrenalin flowing, or the romantic smoochiness of a lush ballad. But the one piece of music guaranteed to set Cynthia Clayton's pulse racing is rather an unusual choice – Tchaikovsky's piano concerto. 'I don't know why, but whenever I hear that particular piece I feel incredibly excited and quite randy,' explained Cynthia, a 22-year-old London music student. 'It was a standing joke with one of my boyfriends. Whenever we went back to his flat he always played that concerto, although he was a heavy rock fan. But it usually worked . . .'

Cynthia's favourite instrument is the piano, and most of the time you will find her curvy 35-24-35 figure tucked behind the keys as she struggles with the likes of Beethoven, Ravel and Debussy. 'I always get a nervous shudder when I run through Grieg's Piano Concerto because I remember what happened at a charity concert when I played that piece.' Cynthia was wearing a brand new black evening dress with rather a low neckline. 'It was the first time I'd worn that dress, and when I leaned forward quite quickly for a dramatic passage one of my boobs popped out. I couldn't possibly stop, and had to carry on to the end as if nothing had happened.' When she finished Cynthia adjusted her clothing, and took a bow. 'The other musicians and the front row were grinning like Cheshire cats.'

Unlike most girls her age, Cynthia dislikes discos. 'I hate noisy crowded places where you can't hear yourself think.' When it comes to an evening out she prefers meeting friends for a bottle or two of claret in wine bars like *Blakes* in Covent Garden. 'I am also a great film buff, and go to the pictures about twice a week on average, preferably alone because then there is nobody to distract you, and you can lose yourself in the movie.' To keep her figure in shape, Cynthia takes aerobics classes twice a week at one of the capital's trendiest dance studios. 'I spend most of my day at college sitting down, so the exercise is absolutely essential.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
CYNTHIA CLAYTON

'When you've finished demonstrating the extra-wide seats, stewardess, you might like to go back to serving coffee in Economy.'

THE GREAT AIRLINE TAKE-OFF

If British Airways is to be privatised
Brian Forbes suggests that airlines around the world should
offer 'private' services of their own

'I'm just making sure you're not carrying any concealed weapons, sir.'

'All together now! Ve haf vays of making this an enjoyable trip, ya?'

'Excuse me, monsieur, but would you like to try a Beaune 69 before lunch.'

'Honourable master about to enjoy special ancient tea ceremony . . .'

'Our curry is made to a centuries-old recipe, sir. They say it has aphrodisiac qualities . . .'

'You're welcome, sir. Have a nice day.'

'Instead of showing the Bergman film, our cabin staff have kindly volunteered to provide the in-flight entertainment.'

Ruth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

'I hope you're not going to make me out to be a fiery redhead with a blazing temper, because it's just not true,' 20-year-old Ruth Longden said when we met her. 'I'm not a typical redhead at all, I'm really quite placid.' And her quiet, almost shy nature does contradict what men usually expect of girls with her colouring. Standing just over five foot, and measuring a compact 34-24-34, Ruth admits to being very hard to fluster which comes in quite useful at work. 'I am manageress of a boutique in Chelsea, and when the shop is full of tourists who don't speak any English it can get quite hectic. But at least I get to see the new fashions as soon as they come into the shop.' Apart from her interest in clothes, Ruth also enjoys experimenting with different make-ups. 'I worked on the beauty counter at *Selfridges* for a while, and I find it fascinating how you can completely change your look just by using a different colour lipstick and so on. But I don't like the idea of men wearing make-up, it is too poovey. I like my men to look like *real* men, to be rugged and hairy.'

Ruth shares a flat in Fulham with a friend, but unfortunately neither of them can cook. 'Being a 1980s fully-liberated woman I can usually twist a boyfriend's arm, and get him to knock something up in the kitchen. Guys we know don't often accept our dinner invitations because they usually have to cook it themselves.' The girls share

their flat with a parrot called Boy George. 'He was a Christmas present from an old boyfriend, and I gave him that name as his plumage is brightly coloured,' Ruth explained. 'He says a few words but they are mainly of the four-letter variety, so whenever my parents come to visit I have to cover him up and lock him in the spare room.'

Although she is usually the retiring type, there is one place guaranteed to bring out the aggressive side of Ruth's nature – the badminton court. 'I play at least twice a week, sometimes more often. After a day coping with awkward customers it is a great release of tension to be able to knock a shuttlecock around the court.' When she is not playing badminton Ruth enjoys a night on the town. 'A group of us often go up to the West End on a Friday or Saturday for a meal. Then it is always on to the *Hippodrome* or *Xenon* to dance until they close in the early hours. None of us have regular boyfriends because there are so many dishy guys around for us to meet.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

After being chatted up, presumably as part of the new 'Customer Care' plan, Sue went out with Gordon, the British Rail station master. The signals had been at go all evening, so she wound up in bed with him. As the train was about to enter the tunnel, Sue suddenly noticed that he wasn't wearing a condom.
'Gordon, darling,' she said. 'Be careful, I'm not on the pill, you know.'
'Don't worry, my love. At British Rail we always pull out on time . . .'

Two young men were changing after a game of squash. Suddenly one of them commented, 'Hey, Frank, that's rather an unusual jockstrap; where did you get it?'
'Oh, it's a new one made by British Leyland,' replied Frank.
'Is it any good?'
'No,' said Frank irritably. 'It drives me nuts.'

What's pink and hard?
A pig with a tattoo.

John met Gillian at the bar of the Spanish hotel where they were both staying. After a few drinks, the subject of sex came up, and Gillian turned to John and remarked, 'Have you noticed how all men seem to give their cocks names?'
John smiled.
'Dick, Percy, John Thomas, see what I mean?' she continued. 'Tell me, what do you call yours?'
'I haven't given mine a name,' John replied. 'Normally it comes without being called.'

A film has just been released about a fight between two virgins. It's called 'Clash of the Tight 'Uns'.

'Mandy, Mandy, wake up,' cried her husband urgently. 'I think we've got ghosts.'
'Don't be ridiculous, darling,' she admonished. 'I told you that you shouldn't have had that last brandy . . .'
'No, I'm serious. I've just had an experience that can only be explained by something from the other side.'
'Okay, what happened?' asked Mandy sleepily.
'I went to the bathroom, and as I walked in the light came on without my touching it. Then as I went out, it turned off again, and I still hadn't touched it. It must be ghosts or poltergeists . . .'
'I doubt it,' sighed Mandy. 'It sounds more like you've pissed in the refrigerator again.'

A lady walked into Boots angrily waving a package. Demanding to see the manager, she then thrust it under his nose, and snapped, 'I found this product completely unsatisfactory.'
The manager looked at her calmly.
'I see, madam,' he replied with a courteous smile. 'And what proved to be wrong? Wouldn't your cat eat them?'
'Wh-wh-what?' stammered the customer, completely taken aback. 'You mean Pussy Treats are intended for cats?'

Sex is like an American Express card. You should never leave home without it.

'You're very quiet,' said the young girl Paul had picked up at the party, as they prepared for bed.
'Yes, I suppose I am,' Paul said after a while, then they continued undressing in silence. Finally he pulled down his underpants, and with a broad grin on his face, held out his member proudly.
'Darling, I do my talking with this.'
The girl looked at it contemptuously.
'Good God,' she said. 'Is that all you have to say?'

Why did the pervert cross the road?
He was stuck in the chicken.

At a fancy dress party, all the guests were amazed by one young man who arrived totally naked except for a milk bottle over his member. After a few minutes of dancing with him, a lady just had to ask him what he'd come as.
'I'm a fire alarm, darling,' he replied. 'In an emergency, break the glass, twiddle the knob, and I'll come as quickly as possible.'

A man rushed home to find his wife in bed with a strange man. Furious, he tried to throw her out of the house.
'No, wait,' she cried. 'I can explain. This man came to the door, and asked if I had anything to eat. He looked so hungry I made him a sandwich. Then I noticed that his shoes were worn out, so I found him a pair you haven't worn for five years. His shirt was pretty tatty too, so I gave him the one your mother gave you that you've never liked, and never worn. Then he asked if there was anything else around that you didn't use anymore . . .'

Two Siamese tarts I knew once
Had only one back, but two fronts.
To get through this maze,
You approached her both ways,
Via two mouths, four tits and two cunts.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Mayfair's exotic lingerie

A touch more daring...

Enjoy a cosy evening in with your lady, and *Mayfair's* own range of exhilarating playsuits. Sheer and sexy, playful and provocative, the range now includes a tantalising fishnet bodystocking (AA) – our hottest item yet. Like our super-stretch bodystockings in black (T) and white (V), one size clings to all superbly. Or cuddle up to her in our lacy playsuit (F), and you'll find it getting even warmer . . .

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me
Qty ..... fishnet bodystocking(s) (Item AA) at £8.95 (one size)
Qty ..... bodystocking(s) in white (Item V) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty ..... bodystocking(s) in black (Item T) at £4.95 (one size)
Qty ..... playsuit(s) (Item F) at £10.95. Size ... (s/med 32-6", large 38-42" bust)

I enclose cheque/postal order for £..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

....SIGNATURE .....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage and packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

The prizes and the perils of deceit are seldom higher than in matters of sex. This month Quest meets three people who found that bending the truth led to some exciting situations

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

MARKET RESEARCHER, 32 years old, blonde, town of origin High Wycombe

This interviewee took secretarial and business studies training after leaving school, and worked in a variety of advertising and marketing agencies before establishing a career in market research. She is married, and works freelance from home.

Quest: Would you describe yourself as a deceitful person?

Market Researcher: Oh Lord, no. I'm no good at it for a start. People always find me out.

Quest: Meaning you have been deceitful in the past?

Market Researcher: When I was younger usually because of panic!

Quest: Did these occasions involve sexual deceit?

Market Researcher: Almost all of them! It was nothing really serious. Apart from Richard, that is. I really put him through the mill.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Market Researcher: Oh he was my first semi-serious boyfriend. There was this sort of unspoken understanding – at least that's how I saw it – that we were probably going to go to bed together, when I felt right about it. And, of course, the moment I'm offered the chance to have sex with somebody else I jump at it! That was so bad.

Quest: Were you still a virgin then?

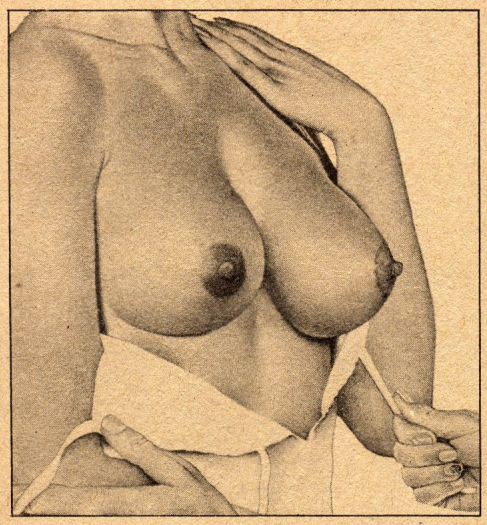
Market Researcher: Yes – at the grand old age of eighteen. I thought I was the only one left! Seriously, though, I just wasn't ready for sex up to then. I was excited by the thought of it but far too nervous to try.

Quest: Tell me about Richard.

Market Researcher: He was a year older than me. I met him on a training course from my first job. He was very nice – very kind, very understanding – much nicer than Paul, the fellow I ended up doing it with.

Quest: How did your relationship with Richard start?

Market Researcher: By accident, really. Four of us were supposed to go out for a drink one night – my girlfriend fancied Richard's friend. I was only supposed to be a



sort of go-between-cum-chaperone because I knew Richard reasonably well from the course. But the other two didn't turn up. It was a bit embarrassing but we got chatting, and ended up having a really good evening together. It all took off from there, until the party.

Quest: What party was this?

Market Researcher: It was a birthday party for one of Richard's friends, a fellow called Dave. I knew him quite well through Richard, and he asked me to bring along as many friends as I could. Thinking back, he obviously meant *girl*friends from the hostel where I lived. But most of my friends were back at home where I went most weekends. So I asked them. The only trouble was they were nearly all fellows!

Quest: Did Richard know about these other boyfriends?

Market Researcher: I never made a secret of them – on the other hand it never really came up. I suppose I saw Richard as the sort of London part of my life, quite separate from my home life. I never saw myself as being particularly deceitful about it. Anyway I mentioned the party to half a dozen home friends. I didn't expect all of them to turn up.

Quest: But they did?

Market Researcher: All the *boys* did. What I didn't realise till then was that I'd given each of them the impression that they'd really only be there to meet me, i.e. as a date. So I suddenly found myself with five dates on the same night. It was a nightmare.

Quest: How did you cope?

Market Researcher: I didn't – I couldn't. At that age you really don't think of consequences because you don't have the experience. Only two of the boys knew each other vaguely, and luckily Dave's parents' house was quite large, and the party was very crowded, so I ended up trying to keep each of them in separate rooms. It was stupid, I know, but I just didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings. It was like a Marx brothers film. In the end I went and hid in the loo! When I came out again most of them seemed to have either found other girls or left, but then Andy, who was a bit of a wolf, grabbed me for a slow, smoochy dance. And Richard appeared, obviously *very* upset. There was a big argument. Andy stormed off, Richard insisted I leave with him immediately, which I didn't want to do because he was in such a temper – besides it was very late, and he didn't have transport. So I told him I was staying – quite a few others were too. *He* stormed out, and the only person left I knew, apart from Dave, was Paul.

Quest: Who exactly was Paul?

Market Researcher: He was one of a crowd I knew at a pub near where I lived. He was some sort of engineer, about 20 I suppose. He reminded me of Robert De Niro – my hero! He had that sort of rough edge to him, too. When everyone settled down for the night I just stuck with him.

Quest: Where were you both?

Market Researcher: There were four of us sleeping in the living room. The other two were in a drunken stupor – at least I hope they were!

Quest: Who made the first move?

Market Researcher: It just sort of happened. I was on the sofa, and Paul was on the floor next to me. We both had blankets, and we were whispering away to each other in the dark. It felt very intimate, and there was that buzz when you know something is likely to take place. It was getting quite cold, so it made more sense to cuddle up together on the sofa.

Quest: Were you both still dressed?

Market Researcher: I'd taken off my skirt and tights – I just wore a teeshirt over my bra. Paul was in his underpants. I didn't realise that, actually, until he lay down next to me. I'd never been so intimate with a boy

> "He was trying to undo my bra. I wanted to tell him to stop, but was daring myself to see how far he would go"

before, feeling his skin right next to mine. I just lay there absolutely still with my heart thumping away inside. Then he started.

Quest: Started what?

Market Researcher: Touching me. Not in an obvious way – just moving his hands round my back to get at my bra clip – slowly inching up my teeshirt.

Quest: How did you respond?

Market Researcher: I didn't! Apart from pretending to be asleep. I kept telling myself, 'I'll tell him to stop in a minute'. Meanwhile I was daring myself to find out how far he'd go!

Quest: How far was it?

Market Researcher: He got my bra loose, and his hands inside my teeshirt, stroking and caressing my boobs so gently it was unbelievable. Everyone who'd touched me before had just sort of grabbed them, but this time I really felt they were being made love to. My nipples just ached. He'd started off beside me but as he went on he was sort of sliding over me until he was lying on top. That was when I felt this great stiff *thing* stick into my thigh. Then I realised: he'd got so big and excited he must have poked right out of the top of his pants. I can't tell you what that did to me!

Quest: What did *he* do?

Market Researcher: As he got the idea I wasn't going to object he got a lot more energetic. He lifted my teeshirt right up, and began licking and kissing my nipples. At the same time he started pushing down my pants, and I did help then, not very effectively. When they were off he just slid between my legs, and his erection butted my inside thigh. Then, as he went on at my breasts, it sort of nudged itself higher and higher up my leg until the tip touched my pussy lips. I was very wet. But then he stopped.

Quest: Why?

Market Researcher: He asked me if it was alright to 'go in'. Until then I just assumed he would, but it did wake me up a bit, because I wasn't on the pill, and he wasn't wearing anything. So I told him to be careful. And then he pushed into me – very slowly and gently, but every last inch, as deep as he could go. My nerves just exploded! Then it was my turn to panic. I ended up with one hand on his bum, and the other round the base of his cock, trying to control him as he moved in and out of me. But the excitement kept getting in the way and that got mixed up with the incredible idea that we might actually make a baby. Then he got faster and faster and I couldn't keep hold of him any more. And the pleasure was absolute bliss – I was hissing at him, 'Paul, be careful – be careful – !' But when he whispered, 'I'm going to – I'm going to –' I was actually gripping his bottom so he couldn't have pulled out if he wanted to! Then he gasped and gave these quick shuddery thrusts, and I suddenly realised he was actually shooting his sperm into me. And that I'd really done it. I was just lucky I started my period the next day or I'd really have been in trouble.

Quest: Did you go on seeing Paul?

Market Researcher: Only in the same way as before. It was really just the situation. And I did care for Richard – I really grovelled making things up to him.

Quest: Did you end up sleeping with him?

Market Researcher: That was part of my making up. And I think we both enjoyed it more because I was 'broken in', as it were.

Quest: So deceit was its own reward?

Market Researcher: In a cackhanded sort of way, yes. Not always, though!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

LIBRARIAN, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Deal

This interviewee studied at a Midlands university before taking up her present job. She shares a mixed flat with three others.

Quest: You must be the first interviewee we've talked to who has actually been hypnotised into having sex.

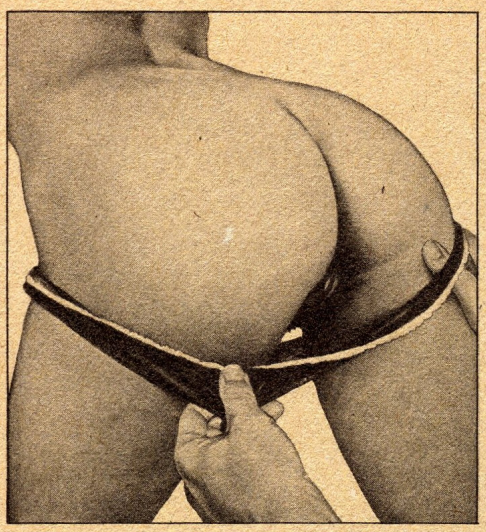
Librarian: Well, that's a slight exaggeration. I wasn't hypnotised at all. Neil *thought* I was, so did Roland.

Quest: Neil was your boyfriend?

Librarian: My fiance. About to be ex-fiance, actually.

Quest: But you had sex with this other man, Roland, while he was there?

Librarian: This sounds like some dreadful wild orgy. It wasn't like that at all.



Quest: But you did pretend to be hypnotised so that someone other than your fiance could make love to you. Wasn't that a bit deceitful?

Librarian: *Me* deceitful! Neil set the whole thing up.

Quest: You don't sound too enamoured of him.

Librarian: I wasn't! Then. Oh I shouldn't be *entirely* dismissive about him, I suppose. We did have one lovely year.

Quest: How did you meet?

Librarian: We were both at university together – he was in his third year when I was in my first.

Quest: Presumably he impressed you then?

Librarian: Oh yes – and not just me, either. Neil and his friend Roland were sort of minor heart throbs – to my circle anyway. Roland was the one everybody fancied – he was tall and blond and very good-looking, very sporty. Neil wasn't bad looking but he had all the chat. He had a way of scooping up all the gasping women Roland left in his wake.

Quest: Of which you were one?

Librarian: Oh I fancied Roland quite seriously at the beginning. I actually went out with him twice.

Quest: Did you have sex with him?

Librarian: I would have done if we could – we were moving on from kissing and cuddling on our final date, then we got interrupted by a crowd of people turning up at the house. Just after that Roland's father died, and he went home for nearly two months. So it was sort of nipped in the bud. And in the meantime Neil asked me out.

Quest: Did that annoy Roland?

Librarian: I don't think so. He went out with so many girls. I don't think I was the one to tie him down. Neil was enough trouble for me.

Quest: Are you saying Neil was faithless?

Librarian: He was lovely at first. We went out two or three times before he even kissed me. I thought he was being careful not to tread on Roland's toes, which seemed nice to me. And he was very funny. We were laughing when we first went to bed together.

Quest: How did that happen?

Librarian: Very naturally. We just went back to the house after going out one night, and it got very late, and he asked me to stay. After that we virtually lived together. I had a room in college but I only stayed there two or three nights a week. That's how this whole hypnosis thing started.

Quest: Go on.

Librarian: I talk in my sleep. I've done it since I was a child, especially when I'm worried about something. But apparently I did it a lot with Neil. I don't know why.

Quest: What were you saying?

Librarian: How I was afraid he'd leave me.

Quest: Presumably you only had his word for this?

Librarian: Oh no – the toad had actually recorded me.

Quest: With your knowledge?

Librarian: No! He had a sort of clock radio recorder thing next to the bed with a condenser mike in it. And one night he just turned it on while I was burbling away. When I heard it I nearly died.

Quest: You were embarrassed?

Librarian: *Very.* Not just from what I said but from what Neil made me say.

Quest: How did he manage that?

Librarian: I just came with odd words and phrases, in this quiet, whispery voice – I actually *sounded* fast asleep – but when Neil started talking to me in the same way I answered him. It was really bizarre.

Quest: What did he ask you?

Librarian: I'd mentioned Roland, and he asked me what I thought of him.

Quest: Which was?

> 'I pretended to talk in my sleep. Neil asked me what I wanted Roland to do to me. 'No, no, I mustn't say' . . .'

Librarian: The gist of it was I still fancied him. Neil was saying, 'Wouldn't you like to go to bed with Roland?' And I was saying, 'No, no, I can't. That would be awful. Neil would be so upset.' I practically strangled him when that came on. I felt terrible. Can you imagine someone being able to hear all your secret thoughts? It was horrifying. Neil should never have told me, and certainly not recorded it. But things were deteriorating then, anyway.

Quest: In what way?

Librarian: I was fairly sure he'd slept with another girl who stayed at the house for a few weeks. Needless to say one of Roland's cast-offs. Neil denied it, but the way she was all over him it was so obvious. That was when the rot set in.

Quest: So you decided to get your own back?

Librarian: No, not deliberately, because I was still very involved with him. What happened wasn't planned at all.

Quest: What happened next?

Librarian: Nothing for some weeks. Then we had a really big party at the house. It was to celebrate Neil and Rolands' finals. That was another problem because Neil had accepted a job up north which would make it very difficult for us to see each other. So I was in a fairly bolshie mood, especially after I found him with another girl.

Quest: Doing what?

Librarian: Oh just having a quiet cuddle in the kitchen. They were both drunk but it just seemed to bring all my fears into the open. Neil didn't even stop. He told me not to be so prissy, and enjoy myself. Why didn't I go and find Roland? I was bound to have a good time there. I really hated him then. So I went and drank everything I could find, which was stupid because I can't take it. Then I came over all tearful, and ran upstairs, and collapsed in Roland's room, which was the only empty one. And I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew the room was in darkness, and I could hear whispers.

Quest: Saying what?

Librarian: 'Who's this sleeping in my bed?' That was Roland. Then I heard Neil giggle. They were both completely pickled. I just kept still. I really wasn't in a mood to talk to either of them. But then Neil said, 'This is great. I can show you what I mean.' And I felt him sit down on the edge of the bed, and then he started to talk to me in the way he had on the tape. I couldn't believe my ears. He'd actually told Roland about it!

Quest: How did you react?

Librarian: I went so cold I felt like ice. It was like the worst embarrassment you can possibly imagine – it was shock. And then as Neil burbled on, I got angry. Very very angry. I thought, 'Well, *damn* you!' And I started to answer him. I could hear Roland's surprise. Then Neil asked me about him. But I refused to answer. Neil kept asking why – I could feel the curiosity building. 'If Neil finds out,' I said, 'he'll be so upset, so upset.' By then I had them! Then I got to it. 'I can't stop thinking about him,' I said. 'I can't get him out of my head – even in bed. I just want him – all the time. I want him – I want him – ' And I started moaning and twisting about. Real Academy Award stuff! The temptation to open my eyes, and see Neil's face was so strong it was killing me, because they both went so quiet. Then Neil said very quietly. 'What do you want Roland to do?' I wasn't going to tell him. 'No – no – mustn't say – mustn't – ' Tossing my head about on the pillow. But he kept on, so finally I whispered as quiet as I could, like a naughty little girl giving away a secret – which is exactly how I'd sounded on the tape: 'I want him to *fuck* me – '

Quest: What did Neil say to that?

Librarian: Well nothing because the door opened, and someone yelled at him about some trouble downstairs – I forget what. I just heard him swear and stumble out. Then the door shut again. That was when I opened my eyes.

Quest: To see what?

Librarian: Roland was still there – kneeling down right next to the bed in very dim light, staring at me as if he'd seen a ghost. I almost laughed. He asked me if I was alright, so I said, 'Of course, why not?' And smiled at him, and we were just staring at each other for what felt like forever. Then very slowly he moved his head closer, and kissed me – just a peck at first, then, when I didn't move back, a much more interesting kiss. I said, 'Oh Roland, you don't know how long I've been waiting for that.' Not entire hypocrisy! And that was it.

ALLONS CITOYENS!

Voici la bonne affaire de l'année pour tous les hommes français! Un exemplaire de *Mayfair* en France vous côute 32.50[F] et au moins 40[F] pour notre numero special de Noël.
C'est à dire plus de 390[F] a l'année. Nous faisons cette offre speciale pour tous les hommes français. Nous vous envoyons une souscription a l'année pour *Mayfair* au prix special de 250 francs. N'attendez pas. Envoyez dès aujourdhui.
Vous pouvez envoyer des francs. Remplissez le coupon cidessous et envoyez-le avec votre argent à:

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane, London,
WC2A 1DZ, England
S'il vous plait, envoyez-moi 12 exemplaire de *Mayfair*.

Nom:.....
Adresse:.....
.....
.....
Date:.....
Je joinds les francs, pour la valeur de 250[F]

M204

Quest: Go on.
Librarian: We kissed again, and this time his arms came round me, and he climbed onto the bed beside me. As we went on kissing his hands came up onto my boobs and then round under the halter neck top I was wearing – right onto my nipples because you couldn't wear a bra under a dress like that. And my feelings just went whoosh.
Quest: How far did you intend to let him go?
Librarian: Originally, far enough to let Neil see what I could get up to if I put my mind to it. But Neil wasn't there any more. And it was dark, and we were alone, and I did fancy him. He got the message.
Quest: In what way?
Librarian: He was all over me. Not in an unpleasant way. One hand would be stroking my breast and rolling my nipple in his fingers, and I'd just be getting into that when his other hand came sneaking under my skirt, pushing into my knickers, right down my bottom and round under the crack. And he found me straightaway too.
Quest: You mean your clitoris?
Librarian: Yes, I'm quite small down there – not easy to find. Which is just as well because it's incredibly sensitive! But Roland literally put his finger on it. That's when I knew we were going to do it. Roland seemed to sense that too, and the fact that the door might open any second only made it more urgent. We just started tearing at each other's clothes. I don't think I even got my knickers off properly. Then I felt this hot, stiff *thing* pushing down between my legs. And he was in me – so quick and deep – I can't describe the feeling. I was just moaning and clinging to him – the excitement was unbearable, especially when he began to hump me. Then, when I thought I just couldn't stand any more, the door opened. And there was Neil.
Quest: Did he see you?
Librarian: At first I'm sure he couldn't in the dark, and I really didn't want him to. Then Roland grunted and pushed into me really deeply, which made me gasp, and he started spurting – I could feel him. He obviously couldn't have cared who was watching at that point. And as I looked at Neil I felt my own climax start. And that was when Neil closed the door. On our relationship, too.
Quest: Do you regret that?
Librarian: Not now.
Quest: How about Roland?
Librarian: Oh he was the original one night stander. What happened was lovely, or I wouldn't be telling you now, but I never expected it to happen again.
Quest: Do you still talk in your sleep?
Librarian: Not according to my boyfriend – and if he's lying I don't want to know!
Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

HOUSEWIFE, 36 years old, dark haired, town of origin Carlisle
This interviewee worked as a secretary before marrying at the age of 22. She has two children of school age. Her husband runs his own transport business.

Quest: Have you ever deceived anyone in any kind of serious way?
Housewife: Do you mean 'deceive' by being unfaithful or by telling lies?
Quest: What about both?
Housewife: Now that would be spilling the beans. Yes I have, though I can't say I'm particularly proud of it.
Quest: Who did you deceive?
Housewife: My hubby, of course.
Quest: By having sex with another man?
Housewife: Yes, but it was worse in a way because it wasn't an affair – I could never love anyone but Gavin. And it wasn't a kind of one-off bout of lust – or not completely. I deliberately set up the situation. I never really believed it would happen, but I still made it possible.
Quest: How did it happen?
Housewife: I was invited to a hen night – with a male stripper as the main attraction. It shows you how inhibited I was – I still am, actually – I didn't dare tell Gavin where I was going. I just told him I was having a drink with some girls I used to work with.

> "I couldn't forget the male stripper. As he was a decorator I pretended that I wanted a quote from him"

Quest: Would he have disapproved so much?
Housewife: He'd probably have thought it was a laugh, but that wasn't the point. I didn't want him to think I was interested in that sort of thing?
Quest: Were you?
Housewife: No, not really. I was mildly curious, but it was only because Dorothy, a good friend of mine who lives on our estate, badgered me. I happened to be feeling a bit low, so I agreed.
Quest: Why were you low?
Housewife: Oh Gavin's company was going through a bad patch. He'd lost most of his customers. He was working 24 hours a day trying to get things going again. I hardly ever saw him.
Quest: You thought a male stripper might cheer you up?
Housewife: Well he might jog my memory about what I'd been missing for the past months. No, I didn't really think that. In fact it shocked me a bit. I expected it to be cheeky. But I didn't expect it to be obscene.
Quest: In what way?
Housewife: There were two strippers, actually. The first ended up with his John Thomas wrapped up in a big pink bow. It just broke the place up. *That* I didn't mind at all. What really shocked me, though, was the sight of the second stripper parading about in his full glory, *and* inviting women to have a feel.
Quest: You mean he was fully nude?
Housewife: I mean he had an erection! I began to see why he'd come on in a mask. I really didn't think you were allowed to do that.
Quest: How did he manage it?
Housewife: He stood, facing the front, with

his cloak held open, and his whatsit hanging down between his legs, and he just willed it up – the place was in hysterics, they were clapping him in time with his twitches, and there was a big cheer when he was right up. He treated it as a joke, but how can you joke about *that*? Then he started prancing round with it wobbling in front of him, and a couple of women actually reached out and stroked him – giggling like idiots, but they did it – and one actually pretended to lick him. I didn't know whether to scream or what.

Quest: Was he worth making this fuss about?

Housewife: Well I've only had relations with three men, and I've never taken measurements, but he looked enormous to me.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Housewife: Definitely not. Or not in any way I'd ever been attracted to any man before. It was just so blatantly sexual. I mean, a girl stripper can pretend anything but for a feller to get a stand on he's got to be generally interested. This fellow was virtually saying, 'I'll do any woman in this room, and this is what she'll get.' Dorothy made the point afterwards. 'My Des is in for a busy night,' she said. 'But no guesses for whose cock will really be having me under the sheets!' I thought that was dreadful.

Quest: Isn't everyone entitled to a certain amount of fantasy?

Housewife: As long as they keep it a fantasy. I didn't.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: I couldn't get it out of my head. It had really churned me up. Then a week or so later Dorothy range me in great excitement, and said she'd found out who our mysterious masked flasher was. We'd both assumed he'd come from miles away, but he hadn't. According to Dot's information he was a young fellow from one of the factories which had closed locally. He did the male stripping for pin money, but he'd started his own painting and decorating business. He even had an ad in the local giveaway.

Quest: You believed her?

Housewife: I was inclined not to – Dorothy's famous for her fantasies. But what frightened me was that I wanted to believe her.

Quest: Because it was a point of contact?

Housewife: Yes. I think I'd actually got obsessed in a way I didn't really know how to deal with. I couldn't talk to anyone about it – Dot'd think I was just another randy housewife. I couldn't imagine Gavin sympathising, even if he could have spared five minutes to listen. I had this mad idea that if I met the stripper and talked to him as another human being then I wouldn't feel this way any more, which was an excuse, of course.

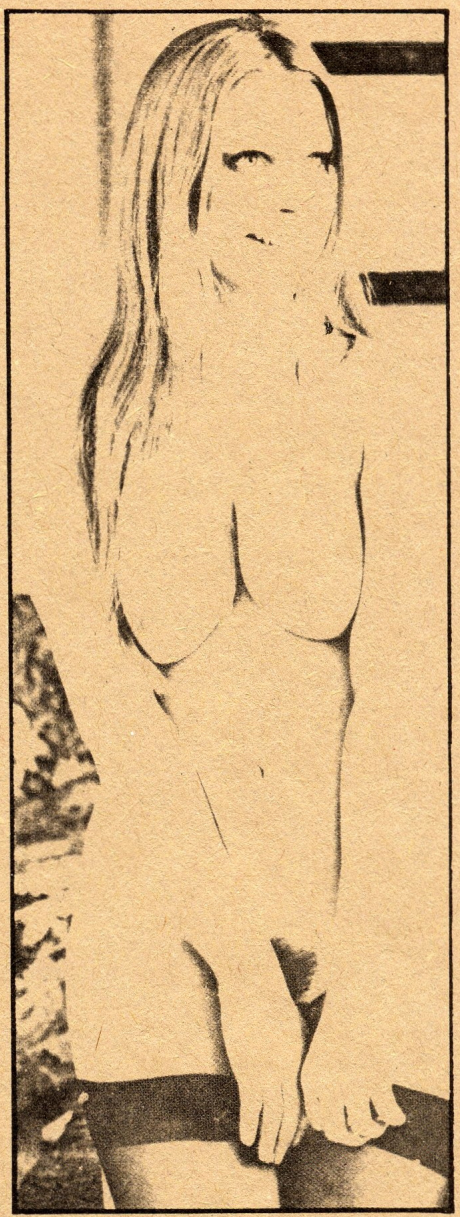
Quest: But did you act on it?

Housewife: I tried to persuade Gavin that we need to redecorate downstairs. I used every trick I could think of – it didn't work, of course, because we were desperately hard up, but I nagged him so mercilessly in the end he told me to get quotes. I was only interested in one. I rang up the number in the newspaper ad, and arranged for him to call on a Friday evening. The lies I told to fix that up! It was a time when Gavin would be away until late Saturday. I sent the kids to their

The Mayfair Film Society

Presenting six of the most sensational maids ever to appear in *Mayfair* starring in our very own full colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX



Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (that's her, right) is just one of the sexy six superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full colour 8 mm home movies. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy plays the part of a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work – or his hands off her tight white knickers which scarcely conceal Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her misadventures leave her bare. And if you find uniforms a turn-on, then you'll fall for air-hostess Sophie, a long-legged brunette whose crisp starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And, of course, there's Victoria Jane, enjoying an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless and bare. Remember Penny Mallet? These days she's better known as top model Nina Carter. Now you can see her naked and in motion because we've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing. Perhaps you like swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with the sex appeal of a young Monroe. Last, is our sultry black temptress, Sylvia Bayo, whose huge stubby-nippled breasts will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia – six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp detail on full colour 8 mm films that you can enjoy again and again. The price is just £10.30 per film (including P&P). Fill in the coupon below, and send it with your remittance. Or you can pay by Access/American Express and soon you'll be savouring the most arousing films ever to feature *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, WC2.** All films are £10.30. I enclose cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co for ..... Or debit my Access/American Express account.

My card no. is .....

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name ..... Address .....

..... M204

Signature ..... *Reg. London 875169*

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £6.00, inclusive of P&P.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me ..... binder(s) at £6.00 each.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £..... Or debit my Access/American Express account.

Card No. .....

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Signature.....

Date M204

Re London No. 875169

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875159

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

grandma for the night because I was supposed to be going to see a friend. Every now and then I'd stop and tell myself I was going mad. All this for a man who'd never even met me, who probably wouldn't look at me twice. When the Friday evening came I really hoped he'd just forget, and not turn up, but of course he did.

Quest: What was he like?

Housewife: So ordinary. I mean he was around 30, good-looking and obviously fairly muscular. But to speak to he was just a normal, friendly, chatty bloke. He even let slip he had a wife and kiddy. I was convinced I'd made a stupid mistake. But I went through the motions. After we'd looked round we had tea in the lounge and began chatting more generally. He was very easy to talk to. Then he decided he ought to be moving, and I realised my chance was going, so I said very quickly, 'Do forgive me, but

> 'He asked if I'd liked his act. I said it was a shock to see him in that state with those women touching him'

you've never been in show business, have you?' Then he smiled and I knew the smile. It *was* him.

Quest: Did he admit it?

Housewife: Not at first. But I could tell he was chuffed about it. We sort of fenced a bit. He said he'd always been keen on body building, and he'd been in for a few contests. I might have seen him there. Then I mentioned more all-female entertainment. And he had the grace to laugh. 'I *knew* I should never work this close to home,' he said, and it all came out. But he was still so ordinary about it. I was amazed, until I thought how else could he be? It didn't stop my heart bumping, though! He asked me if I liked the act, and I had to say it was much more explicit than I thought was allowed. He blushed a bit then, and said the night I'd been was a lot wilder than usual. But he could get like that quite easily – it was a knack he'd always had. I said I was surprised how he could stand being touched by the women.

Quest: What did he say?

Housewife: He just laughed and said it didn't happen as often as I might think.

Quest: Were you excited by all this?

Housewife: Yes! I remember feeling that woozy, turned-on feeling underneath, but I wasn't aware how much until he asked if he could use the toilet, and went upstairs. As I got up it felt really damp.

Quest: Did you intend to have intercourse with him?

Housewife: I didn't let myself think of that. After a minute I followed him upstairs, and waited by the main bedroom. As he came out the toilet he was zipping himself up, and he saw me, and for that second there was such a knowing look in his eye. I even thought, 'You really are an arrogant sod deep down, aren't you?' But it didn't alter what I felt. I said, 'Actually while you're up here you can have a look at our bedroom too. We'll want to do that next.' I pushed open the door as he came up behind me. But as I reached for the light switch he said, 'Oh I don't think we'll need the light on.'

Quest: He made a pass at you?

Housewife: I froze. He was right behind me. Then very slowly his arms came up round me, up the sides of my body onto my breasts, and began to knead them oh so gently and beautifully. I said – in this tiny, quavery voice! – 'What do you think you're doing?' 'Why don't you get undressed,' he said, 'and I'll show you.'

Quest: Did you?

Housewife: His lips came down onto my neck, and whispered, 'I remember you from the audience, I never thought I'd meet you like this.'

Quest: Did you believe him?

Housewife: No, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered very much all of a sudden! We sort of stumbled into the dark bedroom, and bumped into the bed, and tumbled onto it. And suddenly his hands were all over me. I ended up with my skirt rucked round my waist, my bra up under my arms, my knickers round one ankle, and my decorator/stripper burrowing away between my legs, pushing into me and pumping hard. It happened very quickly, almost explosively. We didn't make love – we just *did* it to each other in the crudest, most glorious way. Then he groaned, and came, and I felt him doing it in me, and that brought me off too. It was awful and it was fabulous too. Like we'd just burned each other up in an instant. I hadn't had sex like that for years. And then of course the phone rang.

Quest: And you answered it?

Housewife: Gavin had said he might ring, and I'd told him I was staying in, so I didn't have much choice. It was him, and after we'd talked somehow everything changed. I started to feel silly, as if I'd made a complete fool of myself, which I had. Then my new boyfriend appeared on the stairs fully dressed, saying a bit sheepishly he was really expected home by now. It was all a bit of an anticlimax – it was so obvious both of us couldn't wait to forget all about it. And it was only after I'd showed him out I realised the biggest joke of all which was that I'd never even seen this fantastic erection which had started all my obsession in the first place!

Quest: Thank you.

MAYFAIR'S own adult video is here! –and only £9.95

+ post and packing

MANDY: Every man's dream secretary, whose randy antics and provocative clothes finally prove her undoing – literally.

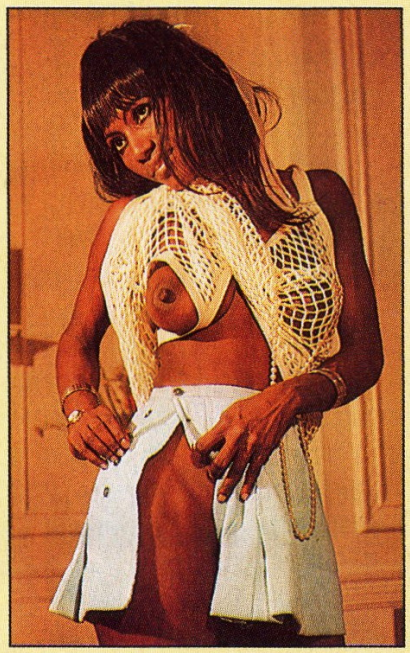
Worth waiting for!

We've taken Mayfair's best-selling adult movies, and transferred them all to one top-quality video. Now you can see six of Mayfair's all-time favourite stars in this stunning video spectacular. And all for the incredibly low price of £9.95 plus post and packing.

SOPHIE: The long-legged air hostess who loses her uniform after an impromptu soaking from her duty-free liquor.

VICTORIA JANE: An innocent walk in the woods turns into an outdoor romp that leaves this voluptuous beauty breathless and bare.

CAROLINE: This beautiful blonde livens up the local disco with some nude dancing.



SYLVIA: Exotic black au-pair girl in a bachelor flat. But her duties go far beyond the housework.

PENNY (better known as top model Nina Carter): Our gorgeous heroine has some novel ideas about fashion swimwear. What a stunner in shiny see-through PVC.

Hell To Pay

continued from page 20

unbelievably erotic, *electric* somehow. The tail moved down to my stomach, took the place of her mouth and tongue. My dick seemed to grow larger, harder and more sensitive than ever before. Dorinne seemed to float in the air as she straddled me.

'Do you want me . . . still? It carries some responsibility, you know.'

Did I *want* her? What a stupid question. I wanted her more than I wanted my life. 'Yes . . . *please*, yes.'

She sank down slowly, the tail guiding me up and inside her. She sank down until I reached her hymen, and then she seemed to strain, her tail pushing me up. Suddenly I felt my dick being touched, bitten with sharp, clawing teeth. I started to squirm and fight.

She grabbed me by the throat, and hissed. 'Be still! You'll be all right. They just . . . need to get to *know* you. You'll see, they can give as much pleasure as the rest of me. *Or pain.*'

I lay still, and soon the teeth began to just nibble and nip, almost massage. I began to enjoy it, and she instantly plunged down, and I was on fire. She was tight, and hot, hotter than I would have believed humanly possible, and she was moving, gripping me inside herself. Yet I didn't burn or hurt. Instead, I was more intensely aroused than I ever had been. I was desperate and out of control. I began to thrust wildly, to kiss and touch everything I could reach. Her tail was lashing between us, sometimes on me, sometimes in her, and she began to howl and

'Since the steeple fell down attendance has risen.'

laugh. That innocent, trusting look came over her face again, and she got up, slowly, onto her feet, squatting over me, bouncing, with only our burning genitals in intimate contact. She bounced and milked me until, screaming, I came . . . and passed out from sheer ecstasy.

When I came to she was lying on top of me. Her tail was flicking over my legs and my genitals in a familiar, *friendly* sort of way, and I found that I was comfortable with it . . . comforted, somehow. I knew now who she was, knew that it was time . . . *my* time. I had often sincerely wished that I could sell my soul, bargain with the Devil for this or that, usually a woman, some girl I had fallen in love with; and often thought, and said, I would do anything . . . *anything*. But I'd never believed in the Devil, not really. And I'd certainly never expected this . . . this *girl*. But it didn't matter. I was in love with her, and I always would be, and I knew that whatever she asked I would do, because I knew she loved me . . . *needed* me.

I reached up, and began to ruffle her hair, playfully, and pulled my hand away when it hit something sharp. There was blood on my thumb as I reached up carefully, and felt. Just above her forehead, carefully concealed in her flame-red hair, were two tiny, red horns with sharp, strong tips.

I began to laugh, wildly, out of control, and she joined me. Why the Hell not? I was already lost, beyond hope, so why not enjoy myself? As if reading my mind, her sinuous tail began to caress me into hardness once again. There was a strange, satisfied smile on her face now, and as she spoke, she looked older . . . still childlike, but *aged*, somehow.

'Oh, we'll have fun, Jamie. You'll see. We're going to be rich, too. You'll put my face in every magazine, every two-bit newspaper, every hick theatre and drive-in in the world! You're going to make me a star. I have certain power and influence now, after tonight. There's a lot that needs doing, and now that *you're* here . . . well, we can do it, together. We'll never be apart. Just imagine, we'll be together forever and ever,' she chuckled, the giggle now gone, 'together . . . *for eternity*. And I just *know* that my father will like you.'

I hoped so. I sincerely hoped so.

BEST OF MAYFAIR -MAKE UP A FOURSOME TODAY

Our most recent collectors' edition, the *Best of Mayfair No 4*, is crammed with 196 pages of our finest features, hilarious brand of humour and gorgeous girls. We've published 16 of the most beautiful birds, including the nude from *Jaws*, and WRAC officer Roberta Platt-Higgins, in and out of uniform. Order your *Best of Mayfair No 4*, from us today, price £2.50 (including p&p).

Monica

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

Judging from your letters, Christmas 1983 was one of the happiest ever for *Mayfair* readers. It was special because it was in Vol 18 No 12 that we featured the superb 38–24–36 figure of Monica Smyth on our centre pages. So many of you wrote asking us to feature her again, we decided to brighten up your spring with another look at her. Monica is 24 now, and has recently become a blonde, but there is no mistaking her sensational shape.

Monica lives in the smart London suburb of Hampstead, and works for a PR consultant in the West End. What has happened to her in the last two years? 'Oh, just the usual round of business trips – New York, Jo-berg, Rome, that sort of thing,' she remarked casually, the place names tripping off her tongue in the same way as Marks and Spencers or Boots. 'There's also a new man in my life. He moved in three months ago.' Trying but failing to hide our disappointment, we asked his name. 'Albert,' she said. 'He's ever so cuddly but still makes puddles on the carpet.' Albert, we soon discovered, is a nine-month-old red setter. And the change of hair colour – were there any reasons for becoming a blonde? 'Just one,' she said. 'Gentlemen prefer them.'

The year was 1959. I was just 17, a shy shop assistant and a virgin. She was coolly assured. 'Could you perhaps,' she smiled, 'help me with these stockings.'

The day I served my first lady

Nostalgia by Dexter Gordon

'And don't forget to keep an *exact* record of any sales while I'm gone,' ordered the creepy Mr Godley at the door of the shoe shop. He examined his pocket watch, twitched slightly, and was gone.

The year was 1959. I was just seventeen, and had worked for Godley for two years since leaving school, yet this was the first time I'd been left alone in charge of the tiny shop. The even more creepy Mrs Doggett, the other assistant, had the flu, and it was Friday – banking day. Godley had to leave me on guard while he ate and went to the bank.

Almost at once, the shop door bell rang, and my first customer walked confidently across the carpet, and sat down. It was a woman. Until now it had been an unwritten rule that Mrs Doggett (a fattish old girl with a moustache that I viewed with a mixture of disgust and envy) or Mr Godley served all lady customers. This lady, austerely dressed in a dark two-piece suit, was, I guessed, in her mid-thirties – tall, well-proportioned, attractive in an unglamorous sort of way.

She picked up a black high-heeled shoe, and asked in forceful tones to see a pair in size five. I scurried round the stacks, found the right box, and returned to my customer, holding them out for her.

'Aren't you going to help me on with them?' she asked, sharply. Gulping slightly, I knelt to oblige, glancing at a well-curved pair of calves as I busied myself with the shoe horn. As she crossed her legs to admire the new shoes, I heard the unmistakable fifties whisper of nylon against nylon, and almost accidentally caught a glimpse of suspendered upper thigh and white knicker gusset under the full-pleated skirt. Seemingly unaware, she repeated the leg-crossing, allowing a similar, fractionally longer exposure. Then, without taking her eyes from the shoes, in a frighteningly matter of fact voice she said: 'You know, it's dreadfully rude to look up ladies' skirts. You ought to learn some manners.'

Fighting back an incipient heart attack,

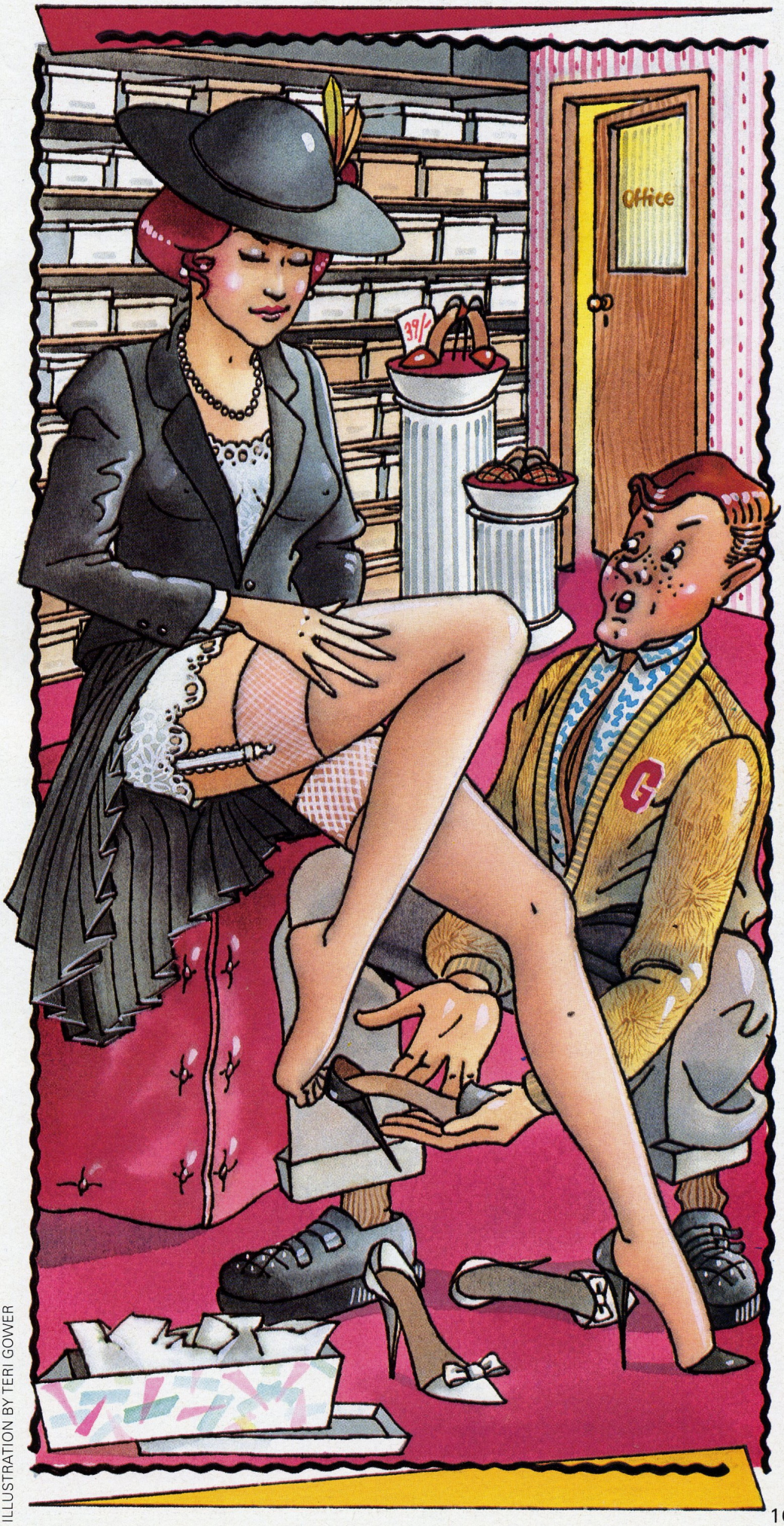


ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

unable even to stutter out an apology, I wondered what to do. Standing up was completely out of the question as despite my state of panic, the front of my Burtons slacks were doing a passable impersonation of Billy Smart's big top. For one dreadful instant I thought there was going to be a performance. My confusion was interrupted by her, 'Never mind, anyway I'll take the shoes. I really think they'd be better with a darker stocking, though, don't you?'

Still crouching, I span like a cossack dancer to face the accessories counter, and stood up cautiously. Using every available ounce of willpower to bring to mind an image of Mrs Doggett's moustache, I gestured towards the hosiery display. 'My, you're talkative,' she said, 'I thought you young salesmen were trained to take special care of your lady customers.' I gulped again. I was being flirted with by an older woman, an experience at once pleasing and terrifying. But then what the hell? Summoning some seventeen-year-old courage, I attempted to flirt back: 'We always aim to please.'

'Good. In that case, kindly show me where I can try these on.' She brandished a pair that she'd plucked from the rack. The authoritative, non-flirtatious tones had reappeared. I panicked again.

'I'm afraid there's nowhere in the shop . . .' It was too late. She marched past me towards the door of the tiny office/stock room/kitchen. Despite my feeble protests, she said, 'This'll do fine,' then shut the door behind her. Terrified, I paced up and down the shop.

'Blast and damn!' The oaths came from behind the office door, which presently opened slightly. She leaned round it, saying: 'Could you come in here for a minute?' Mesmerised, I followed her into the tiny office. She leant against Mr Godley's meticulously tidy desk, an almost playful look in her blue eyes.

'I've already laddered one of these stockings trying to put it on. I've got a broken fingernail, you see. Could you just . . .' Then, astonishingly, she raised her skirt to her waist, to reveal one stocking tightly anchored, the other falling flapping at mid thigh. My mouth went dry, and I had to make a conscious effort to stop my jaw hitting the floor. I took a step towards her.

At this point I should add that I wasn't a complete stranger to this area of female attire. At the technical college dance, a girl with spots *and* freckles had finally allowed my hands to wander this far in a darkened empty classroom. However, although I was quite adept at undoing women's clothes, I'd never been called upon to do the reverse.

I took the side suspender in my hand, rested the other on her thigh as casually as I could, and tried to attach the stocking. I finally succeeded, and waited a tense second for her to hand me the more delicately placed front one which peeped coyly behind a screen of lace. She showed no sign of wanting to help me. As I gingerly slipped my hand up her thigh to retrieve it, she shuddered slightly.

I suddenly realised, fool that I was, that she was enjoying this as much as I – perhaps more! With never a thought for Mr Godley, the shop or anything else, I boldly slipped my other hand up the back of her skirt, allowing it to rest on her bottom in a pretty feeble pretence of supporting it to help me with my task. She arched slightly. The elasticated suspender slipped from my grasp, and shot obligingly back up the knicker leg out of sight.

'You'd better try to find it,' she said quietly, a hint of a gasp in her voice. With an adolescent mixture of delight and fear, I slipped my hand up her loose knicker leg, accidentally brushing what I knew (from books) was the soft hair on her pubic mound. She arched again, this time more definitely. I allowed my hand to brush even lower across her crotch, all pretense of looking for errant suspenders now evaporated. At the same time, with my other hand, I fondled her smooth round buttocks. I finally found the top of her warm, wet lips, and gently introduced a finger, the thrill of entering uncharted waters reverberating through me.

Not daring to remove the lacy knickers, or anything else for that matter, I continued to fondle her, at last penetrating her with one finger. The results were gratifying. 'Do it faster, harder!' she moaned, spreading her thighs, and twitching slightly. 'I haven't got much time . . .' Any minute now, I thought lasciviously, she'll undo my Burton's and . . . I was wrong. Leaning splayed against the desk, she held me to her with one hand, and tugged the crotch of her panties aside with the other to allow me more access. She thrust and squirmed against my exploring fingers. 'I think I'm going to . . . Oh!' She started making choking, gasping noises. Almost at her point of no return, disaster struck. The shop bell rang.

Mr Godley! I thought, although no more than fifteen minutes had passed since he'd left. Attempting to silence her, I somehow managed to lean towards her, and kiss her crushingly on the lips. Taking this to denote increased passion on my part, she responded vigorously, her climax stifled to whimpers by the pressure of my mouth.

My heart thumping wildly, I managed to disengage myself, and ran for the door of the shop, pausing only to make a pathetic attempt to neaten my hair, and straighten my tie. Luckily, Billy Smart had fled in terror. To my considerable relief it wasn't Mr Godley, but a sullen fourteen-year-old boy who took what seemed like an age to select one pair of football boot laces. Eventually I got rid of him, and turned back towards the office door.

'Something is feeling my knee.'

I was bitterly disappointed when I went in. She had straightened herself out, and was now calmly brushing her red hair in front of Mr Godley's cracked shaving mirror. 'I'm, er, sorry about all that,' she said quietly. 'It must have come as quite a shock to you. It's just something to do with me being a married woman, and my dear husband not realising my needs. You'll understand, maybe, when you're older.

All this was lost on me. I was aware of only one thing. 'But I . . .' I was aware of it, but I had no idea how I was going to say it. 'I know, I know,' she said. 'But I really haven't got too much time.' She looked at her watch. 'All right then,' she said, gesturing me to come closer. 'But be quick!'

I manoeuvered her back into the leaning on the desk position while she unbuttoned her blouse. It was all too much to have hoped for. I'd be quick all right. While I tried to undo her bra, and kiss her breasts, she undid my trousers, and started to handle me with experienced firmness. Then, hiking up her skirt, and deftly removing her knickers, she guided me into her. It took a matter of seconds. As I finally jerked into her, my head spinning, I thought I heard the shop bell. She heard it too.

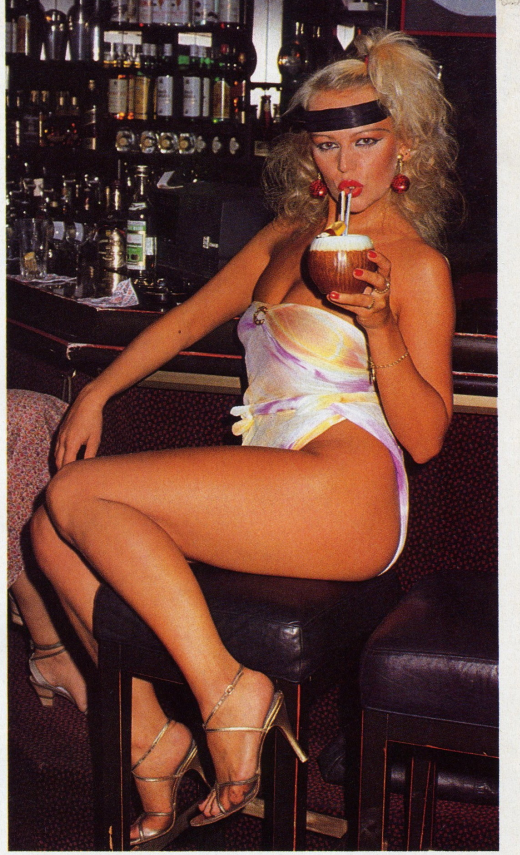
It can't be Mr Godley, I thought to myself as I repeated the hair and tie straightening exercise again. She seemed curiously unperturbed. But as soon as I opened the office door, I saw that it *was* Mr Godley, who for some reason was back horribly early. I began to compose a suicide note. It was bad enough going into the office, and leaving the shop unattended. When he found out why I had done so, my fate would be sealed. Mr Godley stared at me coldly. My mouth flapped around trying to frame an excuse, ignoring the fact that my brain hadn't thought of one yet. We faced each other like gunfighters.

What broke the silence was the noise of the door opening behind me. She came out. I didn't dare turn round. As he saw her, Mr Godley's expression changed. 'Why didn't you tell me that Mrs Godley was here, you stupid boy?' I attempted to say something, but failed miserably. This was all getting too much. Next time I lose my virginity, I thought, I'll do it behind the technical college greenhouse, like normal people. Mrs Godley, amazingly transformed back into the woman who had come into the shop not twenty minutes ago, spoke. 'I thought I'd finally come in, and see this wonderful new assistant you're always going on about.' (Did she mean me? Creepy Godley said nice things about *me*?) 'You're right, he is very helpful. He's just sold me a beautiful pair of shoes, and he was being a gentleman, and showing me where the ladies was. I do hope you can hang on to him'.

Creepy Godley looked sheepish. He'd never said a kind thing to me in two years. He muttered something about me being well trained, then told me to take my lunch break. I found that I had quite an appetite.

Helga strikes back for the West

In Vol 20 No 1 we ran a feature, *Bare in Budapest*, where a beautiful blonde gave us a guided tour of that Iron Curtain city, posing nude and semi-nude at some of its famous landmarks. Our guide, Marianne, showed that our communist comrades can be as broad-minded as any westerner. But it seems that some westerners took this as a kind of a challenge. Sexy Helga Schmidt certainly did. So proud is she of her home town of Düsseldorf that this 23-year-old German *fraulein* asked us for an opportunity to answer back and strike a blow for democracy. 'If you can strip off behind the Iron Curtain,' she told us, 'you can certainly do it here in Düsseldorf. I'm sure that nobody would complain about it.' We couldn't resist a challenge like that so we took Helga at her word, and made sure a photographer was handy.



Helga whipped off her clothes in a trolley bus, and when she stepped off her 36-24-36 figure received only approving glances. She then gave us a guided tour of the city, taking time out to rest at the famous statue of Joanni Guilielmo. The view over the Rhine was much improved with Helga in the foreground, and she made the Old Town more picturesque. 'See, we are very open-minded here in Düsseldorf. I can strip off virtually anywhere, and nobody complains,' said Helga. And to prove her point she took us along to the airport to give the passengers a treat. Let's hope girls in other cities take up the gauntlet. We would love to hear about it and see the pictures too.

THE PARK STREET HEALTH CLUB

An Oasis of calm in the busy city

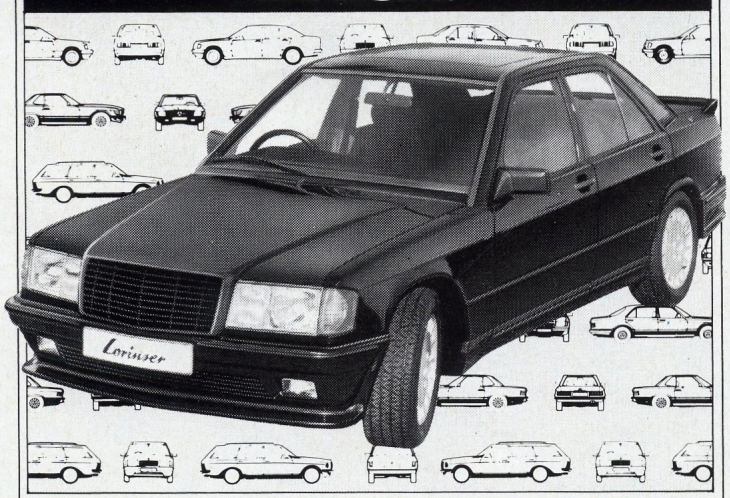
Situated in the heart of Mayfair, the Club offers a friendly and informal atmosphere and a complete range of relaxation therapies including:

Massage and aromatherapy
Sauna
Steam Cabinet
Manicure
Pedicure
Uvasun suntanning equipment

Whether you come in for an hour between meetings, or spend longer, you'll leave feeling rejuvenated, at ease and with total peace of mind.

80 Park Street, London W.1. Tel. 01-493 0057

Start where others finish.



Start with a Mercedes.
Then make it a Mercedes which will be unique amongst others.
Your Mercedes.

Use the coupon to obtain full information on the latest Lorinser collection. Or phone 01-845 2111.
Imagination is the only limit.

Name
Address
LM2

Lorinser
From
Wood & Pickett of London.
Victoria Road, South Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 0JU.

LETTERS

continued from page 8

he is? I am an avid fan of your magazine, and consider myself very lucky that these lovely girls are willing to pose in order to provide me with some enjoyable viewing. *Mayfair*, thank God, is not a butcher's shop, and if that's the sort of thing your correspondent is after, I suggest he purchases a more obvious magazine. He plainly has no respect for the opposite sex, and does not realise that a pretty, well-posed, well-photographed girl is an erotic sight, no matter how much clothing she is wearing. If she doesn't want to go all the way, who is he to criticise? To prove my point, I would just like to say that I thought that the photograph of Lorraine Hobbs on page 49 of the same issue is the most attractive in the whole magazine.

While on the subject of Miss Hobbs, is there any chance of her rapid return to the pages of your wonderful publication? What a woman! An example of all that is right about the fairer sex if ever I saw one. She says that she hasn't got a current boyfriend. All I can say is that there must be something wrong with the men in her neck of the woods.

MG Evans, Newark

I came home on shore leave recently – a sailor with nothing on my mind but my girlfriend, Penny (name changed). I was feeling as randy as hell, and had not had any relief for God knows how long. Penny was in Fleetwood, but I was invited by my best mate to stop overnight at his parents' place just outside Plymouth. I was a bit cheesed off, and the first thing I noticed about the attic bedroom was that the heater seemed to be jammed on, so I was about to be boiled alive. After opening the skylight a bit, I discovered a pile of men's magazines that seemed to have been allocated to me on the bedside table. I had so much on my mind that I didn't take much notice of them. At about 2am, I was still wide awake and none-too-cold! I caught sight of the magazines again, and flitted through the first one wondering why people buy this sort of thing when they can have sex for real. Then I picked up a new-looking *Mayfair*, and started leafing through it from the back page. I was awarding points for each girl, and getting very bitter and sarcastic about it (the scores were zero, nought point one, that sort of thing). Then suddenly, WHAM! ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY! The girl was Kim of kissogram fame. The photos of her, mainly in red stockings, had me as taut as a rope. It was like being strangled by a Turkish midget. Then when I saw Kim pointing her lovely bare feet in the air, I was in hell. I could either throw her away, and try and go to sleep, or go the whole hog, and spoil what I'd been planning for Penny.

Kim seemed to be telling me, 'It's really, warm, Billy, Why don't you slide my knickers down?' I was saying no because of my girl. But it carried on. 'Come on, Billy, now get your undies off as well. I want you to feel my bare feet on your stiff penis.' Within seconds I had my trunks down, and was contorted in a wrestler's bridge. As far as I was concerned, Kim was tickling me with her lovely teasing toes. I just touched it, and all hell let loose. Kim had taken my sarcasm, and broken me with it. Yes, I performed badly the next day. Penny has terrible feet. My old kink is back. Now she thinks I'm at it on the side . . .

BK, Devon

Why all this fuss about girls with big boobs? One lady in particular seems to be getting a great deal of attention just because of the size of her bust. You even published a letter of suggestions as to what to do with them. May I respond with a few ideas of what to do with a pair of perfectly adequate 34Bs. Squeeze them, caress them, kiss them, lick them, cup them, nibble them, run your hands gently over them, nestle between them, snuggle into them, look at them, appreciate them and stop insulting them.

MLR, Westminster

I'm writing in connection with the letters and articles that have appeared in *Mayfair* concerning sex and older women.

When I married my husband, I was a 25-year-old virgin. I lost my virginity on the first night of married life, and grew to like sex a lot. Unfortunately, as I grew to like it, my husband grew fed up with it.

After seven years of marriage I had a son. It was our only child. When I was taking him to

turn to page 111

It's our Satin Sensation

Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer

Satin has an unmistakeable feel when worn against the skin, a rich smooth sensation which will make any woman think she is somebody special. Picture the lady in your life on those magical nights when she wears our sexy satin collection, modelled so seductively by Samantha Fox and Debbie Boyland. Specially selected with you in mind, our lingerie is made to the highest possible standards.

W) Sexy satin three-piece set (bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt) in pure white or provocative black (X). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).
Y) Seductive satin basque in white or black (Z). Sizes small (34″), medium (36″) and large (38″).

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:

Qty ..... 3-piece set in white (item W) at £13.95. Size .....
Qty ..... 3-piece set in black (item X) at £13.95. Size .....
Qty ..... Satin basque in white (item Y) at £25.95. Size .....
Qty ..... Satin basque in black (item Z) at £25.95. Size .....

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....SIGNATURE.....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.).

M204

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

FIRST TIME IN THE UK

SEE COUPON FOR EVEN LOWER PRICES

Pick up Marilyn Chambers for only £6·95

Pick up 4 more stunners for only £3.95 each.

SENSUAL SECRETS—AX/1

Large format sex-charged action ~~£9.95~~ £6.95. Marilyn Chambers, Americas first lady of sex shows how and why she likes it. She's featured in action in almost all of the 300 plus sex-charged colour photographs, including 100 full plate on perfect art paper reproduction. Features details of:- * Aphrodisiacs * Impotence *Orgasmic Aids * Multiple Orgasms * Erogenous Zones * Sex Toys * Penis Enlargement * Erotic Scents * Clitoral Massage * and much more!

JOYS OF MASTURBATION-CX/3

~~£5.95~~ £3.95. Will help you and your partner to greater joy and understanding through the art of masturbation. Explains in detail the role of prosthetics in reaching a successful climax. 280 explicit photographs mostly whole page colour.

SEX STARS FAVOURITE POSITIONS-DX/4

Doing it their way! ~~£5.95~~ £3.95 John Holmes, Georgina Spelvin, Leslie Dovee, James Gillis and many others gives this guide some of the most daring scenes ever. 150 pages long and over 250 photographs of your favourite sex film stars in mono and colour.

INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED—EX/5

All positions shown—Large Format ~~£5.95~~ £3.95 Learn how to make the most of your favourite positions, guided by precise descriptions and over 200 detailed photographs that fully expose the human body. Includes pulsating close-up shots.

ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA SEXUALIS—GX/7

Every sexual activity—Large Format ~~£5.95~~ £3.95 Want to know about sex? Then this revealing book is for you. It describes in words and pictures every sexual activity and attitude. Vivid whole page colour; nearly 300 sharp, clear pictures; brings it all to life in 150+ pages of super-colour.

SEDUCTION KIT—FREE

Spend £3 or more and collect a FREE 'Seduction Kit' Gift of £6.95

WHEN YOU CALL IN PERSON AT OUR STOCKISTS FOR THESE AND MANY OTHER ADULT PRODUCTS

ADULT SHOPS Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri. 8pm)

LONDON (Kings X) *287 Pentonville Rd, N1 **(Cen.)** 81 Wardour St. Soho W1. **(East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E.7/ **(Nth.)** 477 High Rd. Tottenham N.17 **(Sth.)** *1539 London Rd. Norbury SW16/ 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18/318 Lewisham Rd. SE13 **(West)** 193 Chiswick High Rd. W4 **ALDERSHOT** *266 High St. **BARNSLEY** 8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs. Lower Bristol Rd. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BEXLEY** *14 Bourne Rd. **BIRKENHEAD** 49 Oxton Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill **BLACKBURN** 71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOLTON** 201 St. Georges Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham La. **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** 76 West St. Old Market **BURNLEY** 124 Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHELTENHAM** 395 High St. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton. **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **COLCHESTER** 74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edleston Rd. **CROYDON** *109 Church St. **DARLINGTON** 91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **EASTBOURNE** 135 Seaside. **EXETER** 133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** 178 Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GT. YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. Nth. **HASTINGS** 149 Queens Rd. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HIGH WYCOMBE** 152 Desborough Rd. **HORNCHURCH** 144 Hornchurch Rd. **HOUNSLOW** 78 Whitton Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd. Fartown. **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 37 Norwich Rd. **KETTERING** 25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd, New Malden **LEEDS** 237 Chapeltown Rd. **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** 55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **MORECAMBE** *86 Euston Rd. **NEWCASTLE** *56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St. Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./*213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** 95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd. Southsea **PRESTON** 442 New Hall La. **READING** 108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SALE** 68 Cross St. Gtr. Manchester **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5/68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St. Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade. **SOUTHPORT** 167 Eastbank St. **STOKE** *62 Piccadilly, Hanley **SUNDERLAND** 20 Stockton Ter. Ryhope Rd. Grangetown **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd. Old Town **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WATFORD** 169 St. Albans Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St. Ringway **WIGAN** 57 Wigan La. **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor. **WORTHING** 68 Victoria Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. 000 **WALES—CARDIFF** 9 Mill La. **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc. Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. 000 **N. IRELAND—BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

*Licenced by appropriate Local Authorities.

Please send me the book(s) indicated.
I enclose £_____ If paying by cheque add your address to reverse.

- ☐ AX/1 £6.95
- ☐ AX/1 plus two others £12 (tick boxes)
  - ☐ CX/3 ☐ DX/4 ☐ EX/5
  - ☐ GX/7 at £3.95 each
- ☐ CX/3·DX/4·EX/5·GX/7-4 titles only £12
- ☐ AX/1 plus other 4 titles £17

I am aware of the books contents.I agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18.

Signed

Name

Address

STARLIGHT BOOKS, DEPT MF, P.O.BOX 4QL, 81 WARDOUR ST, LONDON W1A 4QL

STARLIGHT BOOKS, P.O.BOX 4QL, 81 WARDOUR ST, LONDON W1A 4QL

LETTERS

continued from page 108

school one day, I noticed a young man ogling me. This happened practically every day, and I could see his trousers bulging with excitement. I found out that he was only 14, but he looked older. There were times when I wanted to strip naked as he watched me walk along. At this time I was turning 40.

It must have been the fact that the young man made me feel attractive again, because after that I started to improve my appearance.

As it happened, the young man, whom I shall call Mike, got friendly with my son, and eventually came to our house to play with him. One day, Mike and my son were in the playroom, when my husband suggested that we go to our room and make love. I agreed, saying I would be ready in half an hour.

I went up and undressed, and put on a short towelling dressing gown. Not imagining anyone would come in, I did not think to tie the belt. My husband then went up to see that the boys were alright, and to tell them that we were going to have a nap.

When my husband made love to me, he liked me lying across the bed sideways, so that he could stand between my legs and pull me onto his cock. As I lay across the bed, legs wide apart, I could feel someone watching me. Thinking it was my husband, I pointed to my open fanny.

When nothing happened, I looked up, and there was Mike standing staring at me. Neither of us spoke, and he walked away. Eventually my husband came in, and we made love. I think Mike came back to watch, but I couldn't be certain.

I often wish I had had the courage to ask Mike to make love to me. I have never committed adultery in my life, but if I had done it, it would have been with that 14-year-old boy. It's not just young girls who dream of being laid by young men.

(Name and address withheld)

How about adding a little excitement to the photographs of your lovelies by appending the answers to the following questions.

1) How old were you when you said a fond farewell to your virginity?

2) Where did it take place? (I bet 90 per cent say 'in the back of a car').

3) Did you enjoy it?

4) Did it lead to a lasting affair?

5) How old were you when you first allowed a boy to see you in your birthday suit?

6) Where did it happen?

7) What was the most gorgeous sexual experience you have had?

'Nobby', Brighton

You are obviously a natural interviewer, Nobby. Perhaps you ought to join the Quest *survey team.*

During the week, while my boyfriend is working in London, I frequently browse through the copies of *Mayfair* he leaves behind. I especially like the *Quest* interviews. My boyfriend loves a good sexy story, and frequently presses me to tell him about my previous sexploits while we are making love. It's a real turn-on for both of us. Unfortunately I'm not very good at spinning a yarn, so I read your articles for inspiration. Ironically one of the sexiest stories I have to tell is about our first night together. Since my boyfriend already knows all the intimate details inside out, let me practise my story-telling techniques on your readers.

Jim (named changed) and I first met at an in-house company training course. We sat next to each other. I thought he was very attractive, and had one of the sexiest voices I've ever had the pleasure of listening to. It was only a two-day course, so we took the opportunity to get to know each other over drinks before dinner. Jim was most attentive, and the conversation flowed as freely as the wine.

By the time the liqueurs arrived, it was obvious that he wanted to explore more than my mind. Unfortunately, although I was sorely tempted I just wasn't in the market for a quick one-night tumble. I declined his invitation to the disco, and went to bed with a book. When the course ended, we went our separate ways – he to the frozen north, I to the Midlands. I thought our paths would never cross again. How wrong I was.

Two months later I came to Scotland to visit my family. This time I *was* in the market for a quick one-night tumble, and I resolved to seek out and have my way with Jim. I managed to get hold of his telephone number, and rang him when I arrived in Edinburgh. He accepted my invitation to go for a drink. At 5pm I turned up at his doorstep, amazed at my boldness, and scared silly at where it might lead.

I shall never forget the moment he answered the door. He was in the middle of shaving, and wearing only a pair of trousers and shaving cream. My first impression was of a tanned, muscular body and a hairy chest. My mouth went dry. At this point, I suddenly lost my nerve, and said that I would have to leave early in the evening if I was to meet my sister. Immediately he took me, and the situation, firmly in hand, and invited me to stay overnight. I could have his bed, and he would sleep on the sofa. Eureka! We could resolve the sleeping arrangements later.

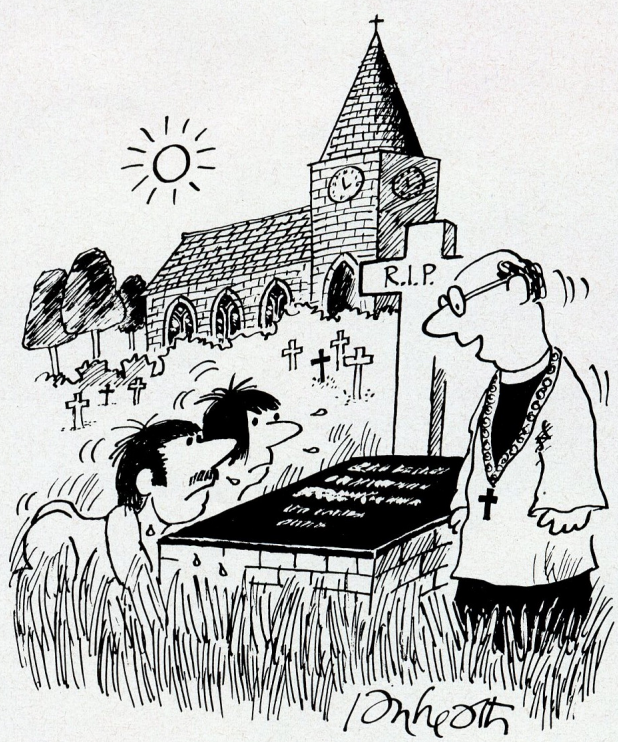
We went out on the town, and then after dinner returned to his flat. We sat in the kitchen, talking and talking. By 1am, I was beginning to despair, thinking we would do nothing else. I was itching to get my hands on that tanned muscular body, and run my fingers through his hair. I wanted to taste him, smell him, feel him. I wanted those sensual lips to kiss me – all over. I wanted his tongue to explore every inch of my body. I wanted to be fucked to death.

At last we left the kitchen, and headed for the bedroom. My mouth was dry, my heart pounding. We hadn't even touched but the atmosphere was electric. Jim pulled out the sleeping bag, and laid it on the settee. He turned down the covers on the double bed, and said that I'd be perfectly safe, as he wasn't into raping his guests! Oh God, perhaps he didn't fancy me. I was on the verge of suggesting that a goodnight kiss would be in order when he came over, and put his arms around me. We kissed a long, slow gentle exploratory kiss. It felt good. So we kissed some more, and when we came up for air, it was mutually agreed that the talking had stopped for good.

We disengaged and started to undress. The sight of his body was a real turn-on. I had felt his cock swelling against my thigh as we kissed. Now with his jeans discarded, it stood proud and erect. I licked my lips, and shivered a little at the thought of what it would be doing to me before long. I fumbled with the buttons on my blouse, anxious to be rid of it. As quickly as I could I took off my jeans, and stepped out of my panties. As I straightened up to take off my bra, Jim was pulling off his socks. Funny how they're always the last things to go.

The anticipation which had been building all night was now unbearable. We got into bed, and leaped on each other. Our hands started to explore, tentatively at first. We kissed,

turn to page 114



'Good morning, Mrs Gladstone and Mr James. Haven't we forgotten one of the ten commandments?'

CARRIE

Our stripgirl is snookered – and right on cue

LETTERS

continued from page 111

long and hard. Jim's tongue probed around my mouth whilst his hands moved over my breasts, his fingers teasing my nipples. I slowly moved my hands down the length of his body, over his hips, across his stomach until I encountered his cock, rock-hard, begging for attention. With my left hand, I gripped the shaft, and held it down tightly. I started to move my right hand lightly across his knob, feeling the smooth rounded end, then tightened my hold, and slowly worked my hand up and down rhythmically. After a few minutes, Jim told me to stop, so I released him, and moved my hands down to his balls, exploring. Jim told me to just lie on my back. I didn't argue. He moved over me, and began to lick and kiss my body, starting with my ears and neck, going down over my breasts and erect nipples, over my stomach, and finally onto my pussy which was by now soaking wet. As his tongue found my clit, I couldn't help but squirm and moan. .He sucked then probed deeper. I thrust my hips towards him, holding his head in my hands. As exquisite as his tongue and mouth felt, I desperately wanted to feel his cock deep inside me. I was on the verge of an orgasm. He moved his head away, and placed his fingers over my clit, and that was it. I went over the brink.

I suggested that it was time I repaid the compliment. So we switched places. Now it was my turn to use my tongue, over his body, gradually sliding downwards until his cock was literally under my nose. I held the shaft firmly in one hand, then started to cover the knob with my lips, moving my tongue over the end. Slowly I brought my lips down the shaft until my mouth was full. I started to suck, slowly and gently, moving up and down, flicking my tongue over it. It was so good. I surfaced after a few minutes, and rolled onto my back.

Jim moved over me, spreading my legs with his knees, and instructing me to guide his cock into my moist pussy. I held my breath as I felt it pushing in. Oh boy, did it feel great. He started to fuck me, slowly at first, both of us savouring each thrust. Our body movements were synchronised perfectly. We moved quicker, increasing the momentum and force. All I could feel was his cock pushing hard into me. Jim suggested that I hook my legs over his shoulders. I spread my hands to brace myself. As he moved my clit rubbed against him. I could feel the orgasm building up until I let myself go completely. I grabbed hold of the bedhead, while he plunged in and out, faster, harder. He came soon after me in an explosion neither of us thought would end.

As our passion subsided we lay holding each other, unable to speak. I must have looked like a bedraggled cat that had eaten the cream. We made love all night, and my only regret was that I didn't spend the whole weekend there. It was the start of a relationship that has lasted three years. Our lovemaking is still as passionate. Helped along by the occasional sexy story or two.

Lesley, Warwicks

Since you like sexy stories it occurs to us that as well as having it off, you are having us on.

I thoroughly enjoyed DM Landers' piece, *Never Give a Sucker an Even Brake* on the interpretation of classified car ads, in Vol 20 No 2. His 'dictionary' of term was very funny indeed. As a regular peruser of the small ads, I too have learned the art, especially when applied to the Lonely Hearts section or Personal columns. Here are a few observations on peoples descriptions of themselves.

'Cuddly' – fat.

'Handsome' – *thinks* he's handsome, intolerably vain.

'Blonde' – fair of hair, shame about the face.

'Outdoor type' – very butch woman.

'Young at heart' – but very old of body.

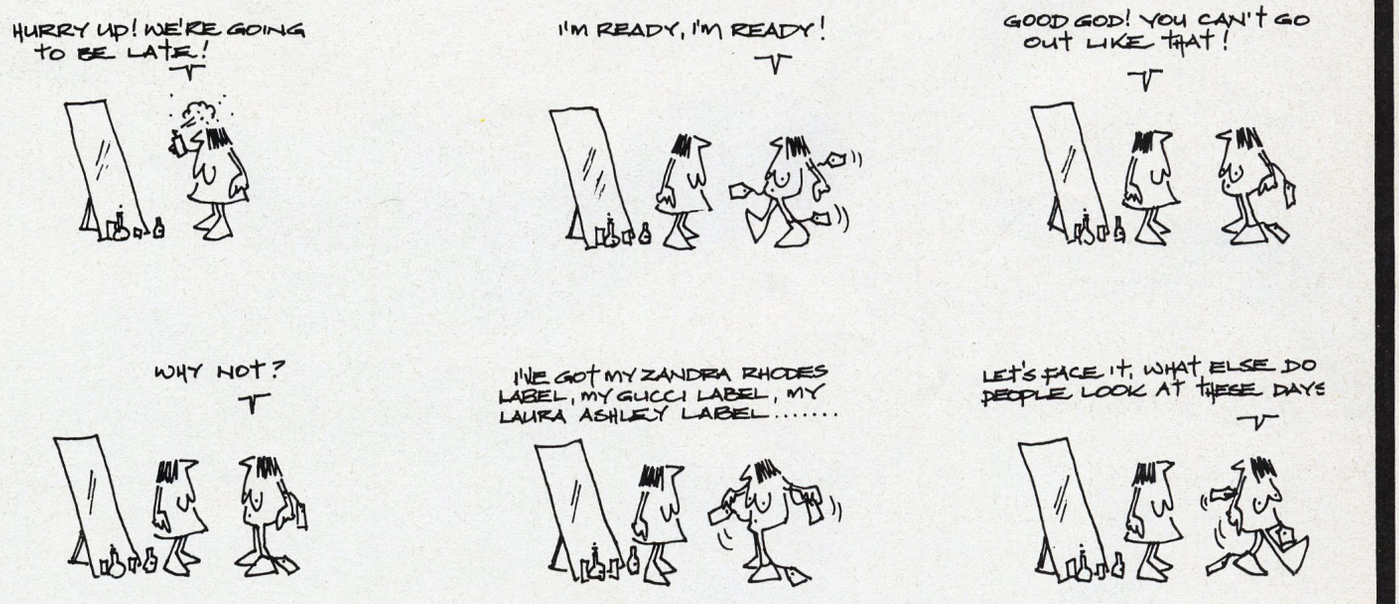
'Lively' – will keep you dancing till dawn, give you a quick peck on the cheek, and dash off to catch the shops when they open.

'Shy' – very boring.

'Go-ahead couple' – bring your own whip!

There are many more. Perhaps I too should compile a feature.

Dan Fletcher, Barrow

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ